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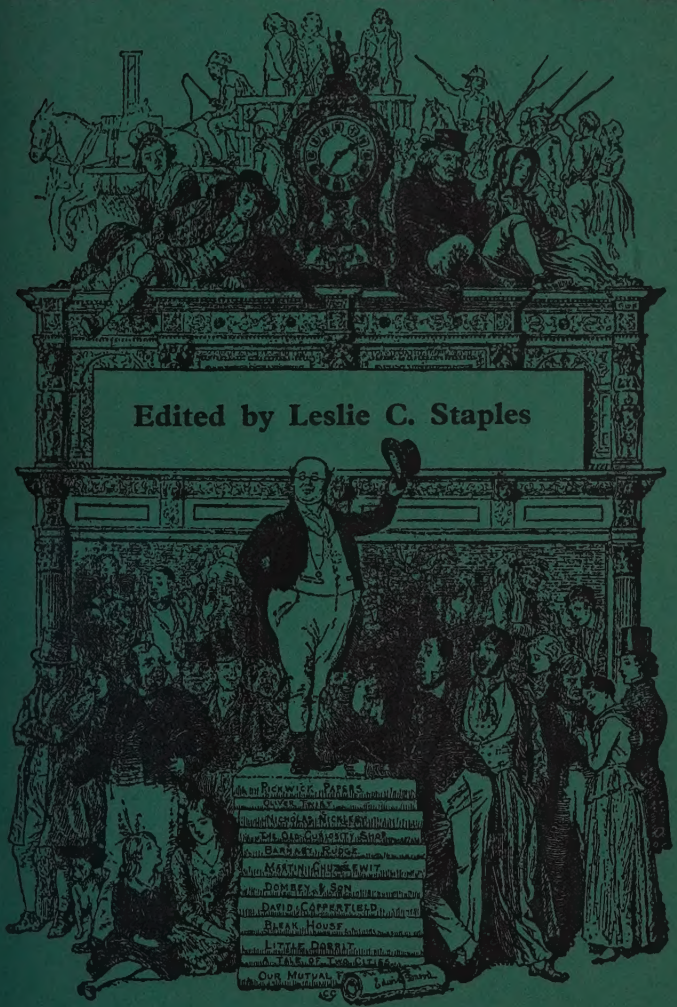

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No. 1 Devonshire Terrace
The home of Charles Dickens, 1839 to 1850

by Norman Smith

(see p. 78)

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THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. LIV. MAY 1958 No. 325

WHEN FOUND—

Mr. E. J. Mitchell It was with the greatest regret that the Fellowship accepted the resignation of its Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Mitchell. His great ability and experience have been unreservedly at the disposal of the Fellowship, the Dickens House, and *The Dickensian*, since the resignation of the late Mr. T. W. Hill in 1946, indeed for years before then, for from 1938 he was assisting Mr. Hill with many complicated financial matters. His own twelve years of office were notable for the completion of the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund for the endowment of the Dickens House, which was accomplished in 1952, at the time of the Fellowship's Jubilee. Following a serious illness, from which he has now happily recovered, he has been advised to take things more easily, and reluctantly he has resigned from his arduous office. After the Council Meeting held at the Dickens House on April 12th, at which he made his final appearance as Hon. Treasurer, members gathered at tea to wish him well, to thank him, and to present him with an inscribed "lantern" clock, and a copy of Edgar Johnson's *Charles Dickens*. Mr. Greaves paid eloquent tribute to his long and valuable services to us all, and the presentation was made by Miss C. Stuart Bunning, Chairman of Council. Mr. Mitchell, who was obviously moved, replied with great feeling. The gathering was adorned by a large decorated cake with twelve candles, the work of Miss Minards. We wish him every happiness in his country retirement.

* * * * *

The New Oxford Illustrated Dickens Last month saw the completion of this fine edition begun soon after the last war. The final volumes of the set of twenty-one, were *Master Humphrey's Clock* and *A Child's History of England*, with an introduction by Derek Hudson, and *The Uncommercial Traveller* and *Reprinted Pieces*, etc., with an introduction by the Editor of *The Dickensian*. The virtues of the edition are a fine clear type, an admirable lightness in the hand, a strong binding, and beautifully printed reproductions of the original, or contemporary, illustrations. The Oxford University Press is most heartily to be congratulated.

* * * * *

More losses? It would seem likely that the next victims to progress among the Dickensian landmarks of London, will be St. John's Church, Westminster, which figures in *Our Mutual Friend*, and the Hall of Barnard's Inn which will not be forgotten as long as *Great Expectations* is read.

His favourite child Mr. Robert Graves, making one of his periodical visits to England some time ago, told an interviewer that his own favourite among his works was *The Real David Copperfield*, the drastically abridged version of Dickens's novel which aroused the ire of the critics when it first appeared. Few will regret his further statement that he thought it unlikely that this unfortunate book would be reprinted.

* * * * *

A new edition For the first time the nature and extent of Dickens's revisions of his work will be apparent to readers, when a new edition is published by the Clarendon Press, under the editorship of John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson, authors of the valuable and original *Dickens at Work*. They are to attempt to present for the first time a correct version of what Dickens originally wrote, indicating the periodical division of the books, printing the memoranda from the manuscripts, and some annotation. The first two volumes, possibly *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield*, will not appear for some considerable time.

* * * * *

The "new" Forster letters The long awaited publication of the series of Dickens letters to Forster which most unexpectedly came to light not long before the war occurred in *Studies in English*, Boston University, Vol. II, No. 3, $1.25. The story of the letters is told by Dr. J. K. Fielding, and a fascinating story it is, and they are introduced by the late Gerald G. Grubb, who has also annotated the full text of the forty odd letters. They range from the long descriptive letters such as we are familiar with in Forster's *Life*, to short business notes and memoranda. Professor Grubb's absorbing introduction points out how they throw considerable light on Forster's biographical methods. The number, which is completed by an interesting article on "Dickens's Death Rate," by William R. Clark, should find a place on the shelves of everyone seriously interested in Dickensian biography. The letters themselves have been generously presented to the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

* * * * * *

Dickens and Education A most useful little booklet, No. 3 of the Vaughan College Papers, University of Leicester, 2*s*., has been compiled by P. A. W. Collins, entitled *Dickens's Periodicals: Articles on Education*. It consists of a list and brief summary of the contents of all the articles in *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round* dealing with education.

* * * * *

Mr. John Greaves The retirement from business of our ever popular Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Greaves, has enabled him to plan a visit to California with Mrs. Greaves this autumn. Mr. Greaves is to undertake a programme of Dickens Recitals up the coast as far as Vancouver, including some to branches of the Fellowship. He is assured of the warmest of welcomes, and his audiences great delight. Our heartiest good wishes go with him and Mrs. Greaves.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS"

By Margaret Lane

At the Dinner in Celebration of the 146th Anniversary of the Birth of Charles Dickens, at the Cafe Royal, London, February 4th, 1958.

LADIES and Gentlemen: It is very strange to me—and very moving—to be here to-night, entrusted with the great honour of proposing a toast to the writer who has perhaps meant more to me than any other. I have been thinking a great deal about Charles Dickens in these last few weeks; that is nothing unusual; he has been a constant thread in my life ever since I was a child. And in times of stress, and equally in times of special happiness, I have the lifelong habit of turning to his books and losing myself completely.

I was just eleven years old when I discovered Dickens for myself. I am able to be very precise about my age, because eleven was a very bad year in my life, and I had never encountered any sort of unhappiness before. I remember being ten as a sort of golden age, when I had my hair bobbed. Up to that time I had always had two immensely long plaits which were finished off with black ribbons and were a very great responsibility, and it was a wonderful liberation to be rid of them.

Then, when I was ten, I learned to swim and was given a silver medal which was sewn on to the front of my red-and-white striped bathing suit. It was a marvellous summer, with long weeks spent in Scotland in great freedom; I had a feeling that life was going to be splendid always. Then, as soon as I turned eleven, everything went wrong. I got into terrible trouble at school through "taking a dare," and I was sent home in disgrace, being received there as a very shameful kind of black sheep, a very bad character whom nobody could ever possibly like and for whom there was very little hope. It suddenly seemed that I had not a friend in the world. Well, it sounds absurd, and I know, looking back on it now, that it was absurd. But the shocks and griefs of childhood go very deep, and I know I suffered all the more because, at that time, it seemed that I had not got a friend or an ally, or indeed anybody, to whom I could go for a crumb of comfort. Of course, that is all part of the bad side of being an only child. When things are going well, it is a wonderful thing to be, but in times of disgrace you are terribly alone. There is nobody you can whisper and mutter with in secret; nobody you can talk it all over with after lights out, nobody to agree with you about the monstrous unfairness of it all. The whole grown-up world is against you and things look very black indeed.

During this time of disgrace, when I was "sent to Coventry" for a week and nobody allowed to speak to me, I was still allowed to read, and, searching along my father's bookshelves one day, I came upon his two fat volumes of *David Copperfield*. I cannot describe to you the intensity with which I plunged into David's early sufferings. The sense of kinship I had, the feeling of being

no longer alone, how I immediately knew and recognised the Murdstones and adored Peggotty, and was mysteriously comforted by her as though she had been my own! From that moment, it was like stumbling on a door of escape. I will not say that my unhappiness lifted, because it could not do that, but for whole hours together I was able to forget my miserable self and be, instead, an enthralled spectator in the wonderful and far more real Dickens world. It was much more real to me than ordinary life. It was like having a secret key by which, as soon as you were alone, you could let yourself out and away. It was like opium. Of course, that was a very long time ago, and I have read and re-read *David Copperfield* I do not know how many times since, and as I have changed from a child, from the child that I was, so I have changed towards some of the things in that wonderful book.

I can have too much of Micawber, for instance, now, but I cannot lose—and I know I never shall—the extraordinary emotion that I felt then, when I plunged into those early chapters; and even now, when I open *David Copperfield* and read it again, the old oppression still comes over me when I am reading those wonderful first pages; and then there is that extraordinary feeling of recognition and release and the losing of oneself completely in another world, which is what Dickens has always meant to me. I have always found him in a curious way more nourishing than any other novelist. His vitality is so enormous that, in reading him, it is like passing physically into another room where different people are moving about and talking, all of them tremendously dynamic and alive. This is so much so that it is sometimes difficult to remember the room you have come from or what you were doing there and, as a result, when you do go back, the mind is extraordinarily refreshed and changed.

When I was grown up—this is a long time after my early *David Copperfield* experiences—and trying very hard to learn my trade as a writer, I discovered, rather to my surprise, that Dickens was the best person in the world to turn to for support and refreshment—particularly when one was in the throes of writing a novel oneself. I say it was to my surprise, because I think most writers would agree that when you are writing a book yourself you have to be very careful whom you read. It is so dreadfully easy to pick up an accent or catch a tone of voice and then go back to your task with somebody else's rhythms beating in your head, and to produce, not your own voice at all, but a very poor imitation of somebody else's.

Dickens in this respect is surprisingly safe, for the simple reason that he is, quite literally, inimitable. His wonderful energy sweeps you out of your own problems; he is irresistible, he makes you laugh, he makes you forget totally what you were about, but because it all belongs to Dickens's genius, and is as I say quite inimitable, when you go back to your own work it is with a mind refreshed and curiously unaffected.

One brief and very happy period of my life was lived entirely against the background of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, one of my very first favourites among the novels. I was living by myself in a cottage in the country. I had just given up a newspaper job that had

provided my bread and butter—and even a certain amount of jam and caviare—ever since I was twenty-one. I was leading the kind of life I had always wanted to lead. I was writing a book and I was keeping to the kind of agreeable timetable that sounds to me now the sort of timetable they must have had in the Garden of Eden. It went something like this: breakfast at eight, work from half-past nine to half-past twelve; then go into the kitchen and cook myself something very quick but extremely delicious, have lunch in the kitchen—it was a very cosy one—with a glass of claret there, and *Martin Chuzzlewit* set up on a book-rest there, and the luxurious feeling that it was quite proper for lunch to last till at least two o'clock. Afterwards I went for a long walk, thinking about Mr. Pecksniff and so rejoicing in him that I almost came to believe that I was he! Then, gradually, towards tea-time, all this would pleasantly fall away, and I would come back to my own writing problems, which seemed mysteriously much easier to deal with.

I would work from then until seven o'clock, have supper with Mr. Pecksniff, and spend the rest of the evening with my feet on the fender in the same company. I do not ever remember having been happier than I was at that time. And the curious thing is that I cannot remember at all what book it was of my own I was writing! I can only remember that the whole flavour of that happy time is bound up with *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

The other day I was rather sharply rebuked on "The Critics" programme for saying—we were talking about Dickens—that in the case of a genius a man's life was often as interesting as his works. I am not at all repentant about having said that, because Dickens's life as it has been gradually unfolded to us through biographies and letters is so absorbing and has been so important an experience to me, that I simply cannot imagine my reading life without that long row of books and that perennial interest in the background. Unlike many other great men, he was amusing, vital, wonderful and tragic in himself, one of those rare beings from whom we learn something about men as a whole if we only have the patience to study and interpret for ourselves.

I began as an addict of Dickens biography long ago, as I daresay most of us did, with Forster's *Life*, and then one day I bought from a barrow that rare, frustrating three-volume edition of the Letters which Georgina Hogarth and Mamie Dickens so piously edited, and I began to learn from that what a fascinating, complicated being—far more complicated than any of his characters—Dickens himself was. I cannot think of any writer who gave himself more completely in his letters than Dickens did. There is that wonderful, spontaneous warmth and humour that comes bubbling up, there is that tremendous concern for his friends, and love for them, and the recognition of their importance in his life, which is immensely moving, too. He had an enormous gift for friendship and was as successful in his friendships as he was unsuccessful on the whole in his relations with women.

Now I have no great theory about the failure of Dickens's emotional life. I can only suppose that the rigid conventions of the time had a good deal to do with it, and that if he had lived in

a freer age he might perhaps, with less difficulty and pain, have been able to escape from his mistakes. I do not know about that: one can perhaps never know enough. But, of course, if Dickens had had his way, he would have destroyed, if he had been able to, every letter that he had ever written, and our knowledge of the real Dickens would have been so slight as to be scarcely worth having. His privacy would have been preserved beyond the grave. I sympathise to the full with anybody who desires privacy, and yet I must confess I am waiting avidly, and have been waiting for years, for that complete edition of the Dickens letters which Mr. Humphry House was working on when he died, and which is now in the hands of Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, and which he tells me, when I asked him if I should live to see it, is to start going to the printers in a year or two. That is something tremendous to look forward to—because for me, where Dickens is concerned, one simply cannot have too much. Intimate letters are the surest clue you can ever have to the mind and the feelings of the dead.

Now, if, for instance, his letters to the Baroness Burdett Coutts had not been preserved, we should never have had the extraordinary surprise of learning of the immense amount of energy, time and creative thought for more than twenty years of his life that Dickens gave to various kinds of social work and charities. So much time, so much energy, so much thought, if they were given to-day would, I think, be described as a full-time job. Yet what else Dickens was doing at that time was prodigious, as we all know. If anybody has not read that edition of the letters most splendidly edited by a great Dickensian scholar, Edgar Johnson, I do recommend them. The effect they had on me was not only to deepen my understanding of Dickens's mind and heart, but also to make me, I think, rather ashamed of the comparatively shallow view I had had of him up to that time. But, of course, Professor Johnson, really, is *the* Dickens biographer that I have been waiting for for years, and his long, two-volume *Life* is certainly one of the things which, if I were ever compelled to sell up everything, I should hang on to till the very last.

I do not think I would call him an inspired biographer, and he is just a shade too pious, in the ancient sense, for my taste. But I do suspect that he knows more than anybody else, and he does tell everything he knows. Now, with art, that is usually a fatal thing to do. Your biographer works rather like a sculptor, selecting and then shaping his material; but so far as I am concerned, with Dickens I want the lot, even the shavings; and Professor Johnson does, so far as is humanly possible, I think, come clean.

Another American scholar to whom I have had more recent cause to be grateful is Arthur Adrian, whose quiet biography of Georgina Hogarth came out a few months ago. Some critics have been a bit impatient with this book. They have taken the view that Georgina Hogarth does not rate a full-length biography and that in any case so much detail about Dickens is rather tiresome. This would be true, I dare say, if he were not what he is. But the value to me of this very quiet book, apart from its rather

lightly-sketched portrait of Georgina which is well worth having, is the enormously meticulous way in which it fills in the domestic background of Dickens's various homes, and tells us a great deal which, in fairness, we ought to know about the frustrating and disappointing lives of all but two of his children. On general principles, of course, I suppose these critics are right, and this kind of ant-like accumulation of detail is boring to the general reader, and is apt to produce something as shapeless as one of Mr. Boffin's mounds. But for the biographical Dickens addicts, of whom I am one, nothing is too small. I want to know the instructions that he gave Georgina Hogarth for getting spots of gravy off his waistcoat. I am delighted to learn that Mrs. Dickens wrote a cookery book because, one day, as sure as fate, my hand will fall upon it somewhere, and then I shall know what were the dishes that came most often to Dickens's table. There are not many people about whom one wants to know these minute details. Dr. Johnson is certainly one for me; Tolstoy; Jane Austen, very much so; Byron, perhaps; and the Brontës. But it is a very small and select company, and Dickens is certainly at the head of it without rival.

I cannot, for instance, imagine anybody wanting to read all the after-dinner speeches of, say, Sir Walter Scott. I am sure he made a great many, and that they were all excellent, but when, not long ago, a friend happened to lend me a volume of Dickens's speeches I was enthralled from the very first page because, like every record that he has left, they are so vital, so sincere, so interesting, so alive still and full of the most wonderful surprises. Extraordinary man, extraordinary genius! After-dinner speeches are universally recognised as being the dullest things in the world, and until to-night I had never even dreamt of trying to make one, and the fact that you see me now on my feet is simply the measure of the hypnotic power that Dickens has always had over me. It seems to me much more like a dream than like reality. I have eaten my dinner in a perfect trance, in spite of our Chairman's fascinating conversation. You—none of you—look entirely real to me at this moment, and I am more than half persuaded that in a minute I shall wake up and find myself safely at home, as usual beside the fire, having dozed off and dreamed that I was on my feet and in splendid company and about to propose a toast, a thing I have never dared to do before in my whole life.

But it is not a dream, I know, because this, of all possible toasts in the world, is the very one that, in gratitude and pride, it gives me the most satisfaction to propose. Ladies and Gentlemen: I give you "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

"SUCCESS TO DICKENS ON THE SCREEN"

By Cecil Parker

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: Here you see another person in a trance! Now, when I was first approached to propose a toast at this dinner, my first instinct was to try to make excuses and get out of it, the reason being that I am not a practised after-dinner speaker—in fact, I am a very bad one—but, as that seemed rather churlish and, working on the assumption

that no one is so bad that he could not be worse, I will try to talk to you for a few moments on the matter of filming Dickens.

Now I cannot pretend to be entirely unprejudiced on this subject and, indeed, I do not think any actor can be entirely unprejudiced, about an attempt to put on the screen in visual form some of the greatest novels ever written. That is, of course, always assuming that they have read the novels!

The part I have just completed in *A Tale of Two Cities* is the first Dickensian rôle I have ever played. That is, of course, if I discount a very fine performance that I gave at the age of ten at a small preparatory school, when I played Mrs. Squeers! I did it with great delight to myself and horror to all the other little beasts who had to savour the medicines that I doled out to them with gusto! Well, I am very glad that I did play a part in the *Tale* because it had a very salutary effect upon me. You see, most actors have a certain amount of egotism in their make-up—I suppose they would not be actors if they had not—and when a actor has identified himself with a part and a production generally, he usually sees himself as saying, "Now I think I have given just that little extra, you know, which will make something a little more amusing."

Ladies and Gentlemen, you cannot do that with Dickens. You can do it with a lot of other authors, it is true; but I suppose he was the greatest creator of character of all times; each one is a mirror perfectly cut by the diamond of his genius.

To revert to my part in the film, I played the character of Jarvis Lorry, who is described quite simply as "a banker"—just that—a banker. Now Miss Pross—or Miss Athene Seyler—was much more explicit about him, and like a hen fussing over every single chick she vehemently described him as "that brown banker." And that brown banker he is, you see, and you cannot do anything else about him! And that is because of Dickens's magnificent characterisation. You cannot make him any different colour from brown; you cannot even put a few buff spots on him; you cannot make an ocelot out of Dickens's brown banker!

There are some people who maintain that literary classics should not be filmed at all; it is sacrilege, they say, to chop up a work of genius, so that the gist of it is condensed into ninety minutes screening time. Well, that is one point against it, and I would go along with them this far, that the classics should never be badly filmed. There again we come to a point, because by definition many film moguls insist that there is no such thing as a bad film of a good subject, and if a film is an enormous success, and makes lots of money at the box-office, they say that is a good picture because the public have given it the cachet of quality by paying to see it.

On the other hand, if it is a mighty flop and does not take any money at all, then the moguls say, "Well, of course, the public didn't understand it; it is too good for them, and they are Philistines anyway!"

Now, let us assume for the sake of argument that it is absurd to film a certain Dickens classic: the book has to be considerably adapted and chopped up, and this has to be done in order to keep

the running time within reasonable limits. The producer, almost certainly, has to transpose certain scenes in order to ensure a logical sequence. Those are purely mechanical necessities. But let me point this out: there is never any question of a film producer trying to improve upon the novel, and nobody would do it to any work of genius.

Here may I tell you a story, one of my favourite ones? Mr. James Harcourt, who was a great character actor—he is not now with us unfortunately—told me this about thirty years ago. He said he was touring in a company up North, and on the Monday morning all the actors went into the theatre, opened their skip, hung up their clothes, and the stage manager gave the band parts to the local conductor, and he had an orchestra of three or four, mostly part-time; the conductor looked at the score and said, "Hmm, yes, Mozart! Tell me, is this a serious play?" And the stage manager said, "Well, it's not very serious, it's not a comedy, but it's just slightly serious." The conductor said, "Hmm, Mozart? Well, don't worry, we'll soon mook about with that and make it a bit more interesting."

Well, one may be able to do that with Mozart, but you certainly cannot do anything like that with Dickens. To illustrate my point, I am going to give myself the pleasure of reading one sentence, and I promise you only one, by Charles Dickens. It is his glorious opening sentence to *A Tale of Two Cities*: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only."

That is one sentence; that is English prose at its best, majestic, vigorous, beautifully balanced; it has something immortal to say, and how unforgettably it says it! Prose like this that sustains throughout the length of the novel creates a definite atmosphere and has an indefinable quality. That is the task of the producer and director, to transpose it to the screen in that new medium, with that atmosphere and that quality. And it is a gigantic task. Don't forget he has infinite power at his disposal: one shot can be made to do the work of, say, fifteen or twenty pages of a book. I wonder how many of you remember the opening sequence of David Lean's *Great Expectations*, with little Pip darkly silhouetted against the twilight, running along to the entrance to the churchyard. Unforgettable nostalgia! What a creative evocation of the world of childhood! The tempting course is to say, "Well, look at these cinematograph masterpieces like *Great Expectations* and *A Tale of Two Cities*"—or perhaps not that because we have not seen that yet—"but *Oliver Twist*. Well, it is not quite enough; there is something more to it." And here we get the same point about putting Dickens on the screen. Now a good

film about Dickens will do three things: first, apart from its considerable entertainment value, it will reveal Dickens in perhaps a new light—and those of you who know him very well must not forget that a diamond can be beautiful from an infinite variety of angles; second, it will send those who have not read Dickens scurrying to their libraries; and, third, it will be of incalculable value to those who cannot read in any case!

Ladies and Gentlemen, one point more. Like the theory of the philosopher, I may have been finding bad reasons for what I believe by instinct. If so, well, I will be hanged for it, but I will give you one more of my beliefs. I believe that Dickens, the great-hearted humanitarian, has been, is, and will be of far greater value than all the misguided missiles and sputniks put together!

Ladies and Gentlemen, I now have great pleasure in giving you the toast: "Success to Dickens on the Screen."

MISS ATHENE SEYLER REPLIES

Mr. Chairman, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very sorry that the Dean of St. Paul's is not here to-night because I believe I should have had to address him as "Very Reverend Sir." Very Reverend Sir. It is such a lovely title, isn't it?

Well, I have got to reply to that brown banker! I don't want to reply to him at all because everything he said was such wonderful good sense that I think he must have spent hours writing it out! We hope he did not have any help with it, but I did not see any such signs of beautiful thoughts and inspiration when I was working with him on the film-set. However, he delivered it beautifully. Actually, there is nothing to reply to. As he pointed out to you, all actors are very egotistical people. I should like to tell you that he has only appeared once in a Dickens film, whereas I have played five times. As a matter of fact, I cannot remember them all, and it took me quite a lot of research to find out! It may not be of any great interest to anybody else, but I have played twice in *Pickwick*, I have played in *A Christmas Carol*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and without any doubt not only did I enjoy that most of all my Dickens films, but I enjoyed it more than any film I have ever made in my life.

Well, that, of course, is due to the fact that I was playing in a film by a great author, where I had a character presented to me to try to re-create for the public. Very often with films and plays we get just a bare outline of what a character might be. We have to fill it in ourselves and so often we fail dismally. I do not know whether it is really more rewarding to try to make a character out of nothing or to fail in showing a character that is beautifully given to one. May we be preserved, my very brown banker, from failing in our presentation of the characters which are given to us!

Now, to go back to my own history and connection with Dickens —I am going to enjoy myself over this!—I played first of all in Dickens in the silent days. That was an enchanting experience.

We had a producer or a director as they called him, who now mercifully must have passed on to a place where he now knows more about Dickens then he did then! I had never played in films before, and I went from the stage, where we had all the traditionally beautiful manners, all done in great style and with great distinction, with a series of wonderful actor-managers, and when I got down on the film set where we were doing it I heard my director say through a megaphone, " Well, now, ducks, what about you? " Well, I looked round for " ducks," did not see anyone, and soon discovered that of course " Ducks " was me! Very flattering! But I got a little used to being called " Ducks," and then later " darling " or " dear," instead of my name, which I understand is a difficult name to pronounce, but for that period I was " Ducks." And his directions to me for playing a part in a film were, " Now then, sob-stuff and love, Ducks."

Now do, please, tell me when I go wrong over this, but I was playing with Mr. Jingle on one occasion—you experts will know the occasion—when we had I think to run away in a curricle with a horse. When it got to a certain place Mr. Jingle had to get out, investigate, and then get back. It was Mr. Ernest Thesiger who was playing Jingle—and he had to get back into this very high-sprung vehicle. He tried several times, but was quite unable to do it; he could only just get his feet on to the edge, and so I thought the best way to help him was to seize him by his shirt and pull him up. I gave a good tug, and it came off him!

Then there was one other rather curious thing about that film. The director, who has also gone to his rest—I hope!—had studied very closely some old editions of the work and had found there, of course, the original drawings by, I suppose, Phiz (I had been going to say Cruikshank, but I am told it would be Phiz), and there was, if I remember correctly, some shooting opposite, and everybody here who is expert on these matters will be able to correct me if I am wrong—I hope they will anyway—and there was in the background somebody dressed in a kilt. The shooting was taking place in the country, in Kent, and so accordingly we played the whole scene in Kent, merely shooting it with the Highlander in full Highland dress with—as I say—a kilt. I think the reason for making this mistake was that the drawing had got slightly slashed and it was one of those full-skirted coats that people wore in the period, but that did not matter in those days. We played a nice scene with the Highland gentleman in his kilt!

You are not subjected to that kind of thing these days; indeed, I think we can say that now we have such wonderful people who are connected with the visual side of costumes and scenery of our films that we are all quite content to put on just what is given to us and not make any complaints and feel that we have really done something that is historically accurate.

Now I have also played the lady who is discovered in her corsets in Mr. Pickwick's room and that I enjoyed very much indeed. That was really lovely! Now this is a Dickens quiz. What was her name? Ah! Mr. Staples knows. Yes, Miss Witherfield. Now I have got another quiz for you. When Seymour Hicks was playing Scrooge I was invited to go down

and play—I was quite young then—a terrible old hag, and we had great fun in the making-up room putting whiskers all over my chin. I do not think they could have been seen on the screen, but it made me feel a real character actress. I had a scene with Scrooge, and now who can tell me her name? Does anybody know her name? (*Mr. Greaves: "Miss Dilber."*) Yes, that's right.

There is the sum total of my connection with Dickens and Dickens films.[1] But it would be lovely to think that we had brought to light this one story, because I always think that films that are done from books are really like the illustrations to them. We cannot hope really to do honour to the work of art that we are connected with; it is quite impossible to give anything like that wonderful prose that Mr. Parker has just quoted to you. We are just a little illustrated, abridged edition of some wonderful book. But how glorious to feel that the pleasure that we have had in trying to interpret those characters can in some way be passed on to you! Of course, you will understand, won't you, that to me at least these people are real, living people, and I suppose that is the great test of an author—and no doubt Miss Lane will put me right here—but I always think that all Shakespeare's characters are real, historical characters. Now don't disabuse me, because I know quite well that Rosalind is really alive; there is no doubt about it!

All Dickens's characters undoubtedly were people in their own right; they are creatures of flesh and blood; to me it is all so real, what they said and what they did. Now if we have been able to bring a sense that these people are alive in this very ephemeral job that we are engaged in it will indeed be a very great pleasure to us. So that, in replying to that brown banker, I can only say that he and I together shared the most wonderful time in trying to interpret to the public the wonderful work of Charles Dickens.

The Toast of "The Visitors" was proposed by Miss C. Stuart Bunning, Chairman of the Executive Committee, to which Mr. Charles Lefeaux, director of several radio adaptations from Dickens, replied. "The Health of the Chairman" was proposed by Mr. Leslie C. Staples, to which Mr. Philip Charles Dickens responded. Mr. Dickens also considerably added to the pleasure of the guests by bringing several interesting and valuable mementos of his grandfather for their inspection, notably the beautiful engraved goblets of the Cerberus Club. During the evening the company was entertained by Mr. Eric Jones-Evans with a series of character impersonations from Dickens.

[1] Miss Seyler omitted to include her delightful Miss La Creevy in *Nicholas Nickleby*.—Ed.

FAREWELL TO DEVONSHIRE TERRACE

By the time these lines are in the reader's hands London will probably have been deprived of one of its most notable Dickensian landmarks, No. 1 Devonshire Terrace. It was his home for a dozen years, from his leaving Doughty Street, until he moved into still larger quarters at Tavistock House. This means that 48 Doughty Street will be the only London home of Dickens, apart from those he occupied in his youth and those which he rented for temporary residence, that remains.

Although he was abroad for considerable periods in America, in Italy, and in Switzerland, Devonshire Terrace was his home during that important part of his life which saw the publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, and three of the *Christmas Books*.

He had taken possession of it with great pride in 1839, writing to Forster that "a house of great promise (and great premium), undeniable situation and excessive splendour, is in view. Mitton is in treaty, and I am in ecstatic restlessness." Throughout his life he retained the deepest affection for it. He wrote that something of himself was left there when he uprooted himself from it.

Although enlarged since his day, principally by means of the insertion of an additional storey beneath the mansard roof, it retained its charm to the last. The high-walled garden fronting on to the Marylebone Road, the New Road in Dickens's time, remained. Here it was the raven who sat for its portrait as Grip, in *Barnaby Rudge*, was buried, and the stable in which he lived, tended by Topping the coachman, was still to be seen. The beautifully curving staircase remained just as he left it and might always be seen by interested Dickensians by the kindness of the Misses Dingley and their staff. The large drawing room, with its pair of classic pillars at one end, conjured up visions of the nights when they framed the proscenium of the stage used on Twelfth Night (little Charlie's birthday) for festive theatricals.

Several of the marble overmantels and mahogany doors remained till the end.

Standing in the Marylebone Road and looking westward across the garden one saw the tower of Marylebone Church, famous for the marriage of the eloping Brownings, but even more celebrated, we like to think, as the scene of Paul Dombey's christening and his father's second marriage. We have no patience with weaker vessels who aver that there is insufficient evidence from the novel on which to base this assumption. Are not the cherubs behind which Miss Tox shrank at Dombey's wedding still to be seen ?

The church, it may be presumed, will be spared, but to the house we now say farewell, conscious that we have done our utmost to secure its preservation. The unsuccessful effort is a reminder that we live in a utilitarian age after all, and that much modern legislation designed to preserve our national heritage is very vulnerable when material considerations confronts it.

L.C.S.

Block kindly lent by the Misses Dingley.

A *BARNABY RUDGE* SOURCE

By Arnold U. Ziegler
(Hon. Treasurer, Boston, Mass. Branch)

CORNHILL and "used books" have for many years been to the Bostonian almost synonomous terms. Who knows what treasures may not be brought to light in one of the little shops on that famous thoroughfare if only the search be diligent and patient enough ?

The writer was recently rewarded by acquiring in this manner for a mere trifle, a little volume containing the Dickens bookplate and the Gadshill sale label. It bears the grandiose title of *Elegant Extracts: being a Copious Selection of Instructive, Moral, and Entertaining Passages, from the most Eminent Prose Writers, Volume III.* Its covers were loose, but that is not surprising as it was one of a set of eighteen volumes listed by Stonehouse as having cracked half calf bindings in 1870.[1]

The most interesting feature of this book is that it contains (on page 233) a marginal note in what appears to be Charles Dickens's hand, reading " the Shop-lifting Act " and marking, by a marginal bracket and quotation marks, a paragraph which was an important source for *Barnaby Rudge.*

The " Extract " in which this paragraph appears is from a parliamentary speech of Sir William Meredith in 1777 " on Frequent Executions " and the paragraph itself reads as follows:

> " Under this act,[2] one Mary Jones was executed, whose case I shall just mention: it was at the time when press-warrants were issued, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's husband was pressed, their goods seized for some debts of his, and she, with two small children, turned into the streets a-begging. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that she

1 Stonehouse, *Catalogue of the Libraries of Charles Dickens and William Thackeray.*
2 The Shop-lifting Act.

was very young (under nineteen) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down: for this she was hanged. Her defence was (I have the trial in my pocket) ' that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then, she had no bed to lie on; nothing to give her children to eat; and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did.' The parish officers testified the truth of this story; but it seems, there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate; an example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of shopkeepers in Ludgate Street. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a frantic manner, as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state; and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn."

This case is used almost verbatim by Dickens. In Chapter thirty-seven of *Barnaby Rudge* we find Ned Dennis, the hangman, saying, " Parliament says, ' If any man, woman, or child, does anything again any one of them fifty acts, that man, woman, or child, shall be worked off by Dennis.' George the Third steps in when they number very strong at the end of a sessions, and says, ' These are too many for Dennis. I'll have half for myself and Dennis shall have half for himself '; and sometimes he throws me in one over that I don't expect, as he did three years ago, when I got Mary Jones, a young woman of nineteen who come up to Tyburn with an infant at her breast, and was worked off for taking a piece of cloth off the counter of a shop in Ludgate Hill, and putting it down again when the shopman see her; and who had never done any harm before, and only tried to do that, in consequence of her husband having been pressed three weeks previous, and she being left to beg, with two young children—as was proved upon the trial."

Dickens acknowledges the source of this incident in his preface[1] where he says:

> " It may be further remarked, that Mr. Dennis's allusions to the flourishing condition of his trade in those days, have their foundation in Truth, not in the Author's fancy. Any file of old old newspapers, or odd volume of the Annual Register, will prove this with terrible ease.
>
> " Even the case of Mary Jones, dwelt upon with so much pleasure by the same character, is no effort of invention. The facts were stated exactly as they are stated here, in the House of Commons."

In his preface to the first cheap edition of *Barnaby Rudge* Charles Dickens quotes in full the paragraph marked in *Elegant Extracts* and obviously the notations in the margin of this little volume were Dickens's instructions to the printer for setting the type for this preface.

[1] Preface to the third volume of *Master Humphrey's Clock* (*Barnaby Rudge*).

These notations were for the purpose of inserting the words " the Shop-lifting Act " after the first phrase in the quotation in order to clarify the text, which is exactly the way the quotation appears in the preface.

Charles Dickens not only used the story of Mary Jones in *Barnaby Rudge*, but also borrowed her actual executioner who, history tells us, was one Edward Dennis.[1] This same Dennis actually participated in the Gordon Riots, for which he was sentenced to death, but he was later reprieved. Dickens apparantly felt that poetic justice demanded death for his counterpart, " Ned Dennis."

Edmund Wilson, in his excellent essay on Dickens,[2] says with reference to *Barnaby Rudge*, " The really important theme of the book—Dickens shows in his preface, when he is discussing one of the actual occurrences on which the story is based—is the hanging under the Shop-lifting Act of a woman who has been dropped by her aristocratic lover and who has forged notes to provide for her child. This theme lies concealed, but it makes itself felt from beginning to end of the book."

Mr. Wilson, of course, is referring to Hugh's mother, who is clearly based on Mary Jones. Other points of similarity between the two are:

(1) The period of time is approximately the same. The story of *Barnaby Rudge* is laid in the period 1775 to 1780.
(2) Hugh's mother is described as " young and handsome."
(3) Her crime was a minor one, that of attempting to pass a forged note.
(4) She was apprehended in the commission of her first offence.
(5) She had a young child for whom she was unable to provide.
(6) She was executed by hanging at Tyburn.
(7) The executioner was the same.

It will thus be seen that this " Extract " furnished at least an important theme for *Barnaby Rudge* and also three of its main characters: Dennis, the hangman, who was a ringleader of the Gordon rioters; Hugh, also a leader in the Gordon Riots; and Hugh's mother.

The incident in the " Extract " seems to be exactly the type which would fire Dickens's imagination and impel him to cry out against the injustice of it. Picture him delving into the records of contemporary conditions and events which would tolerate such an atrocity, and thus learning of the executioner and his connection with the Gordon Riots, does it not appear that this " Extract " may have been the main inspiration for the complete novel ?

[1] Horace Bleackley, *Hangman of England*. Also see *The Dickensian*, Vol. XXX. p. 230.
[2] Edmund Wilson, " Dickens: The Two Scrooges " in *The Wound and the Bow*.

POOR SIR JOHN!

By Angela Postlethwaite

THERE are several villains in *Barnaby Rudge*. There is the murderer, Rudge, himself; there are the villainous Secretary, Gashford, the repulsive hangman, Dennis, the loathsome blind man, Stagg, the contemptible menace, Tappertit, not to mention the fatally erring Lord George Gordon. Yet, according to all the critics, we must add another to this generous supply, and name as additional—nay, leading—villain one of the most attractive figures in all fiction—John Chester. Is this " villainous " estimate of Chester quite fair? Without presuming in any way to lay down a definitive opinion, I would venture to question the general view. What is there against Chester, apart, of course, from his being no fool and no weakling—and he certainly was neither? The chief count is that, as a Protestant gentleman in an age of bigotry, he wished to prevent his son from marrying a Catholic maiden of impoverished and unhappy family, and form instead an alliance calculated to restore his own and his son's fortunes. What is there so villainous about that? If all such are villainous, the number of villains in society, male and female, must be considerably greater than we have been led to suppose.

It must be confessed that Dickens seems to share the villainous view of his own creation. Not so very much earlier, he had himself suffered intensely through the worldly attitude of the parents of the girl he loved. The wound was rankling still, and therefore poor John Chester, the impoverished but by no means defeated gentleman, had to be a villain. He, too, was mercenary; he, too, disbelieved in love's young dream.

Somewhere or other Dickens also calls John Chester a hypocrite, He contrasts him all along, by inference very much to his discredit, with that gloomy fanatic, Haredale, who, we are to believe, is all rugged honesty. Mr. Chester himself discusses this aspect of his adversary:

> A deplorably constituted creature, that rugged person . . . he is an atrocity that carries its own punishment along with it—a bear that gnaws himself.

Continuing his theme in a manner of which the worst we can say is that it reminds us of the most pious utterances of the United Nations, he says:

> And here is one of the inestimable advantages of having a perfect command over one's inclinations. I have been tempted in these two short interviews to draw upon that fellow fifty times. Five men in six would have yielded to the impulse. By suppressing mine, I wound him deeper and more keenly than if I were the best swordsman in all Europe and he the worst. You are the wise man's very last resource [he says, tapping the hilt of his weapon]; we can but appeal to you when all else is said and done. To come to you before, and thereby spare our adversaries so much, is a barbarian mode of warfare, quite unworthy of any man with the remotest pretensions to delicacy of feeling, or refinement.

We are then told, as if in further disparagement, that Mr. Chester dismisses with his blessing a beggar who had been tempted by his serene expression to expect an alms.

But let us examine the charge of hypocrisy. For a hypocrite, Mr. Chester is singularly open. We know all about him and his affairs, and not from the author but from his own lips. Contrast him with Pecksniff. The nearest we ever get to learning anything at first hand from Pecksniff is when he informs us that he loves his pupils, and that they love him—" sometimes ". We gather inferentially that Mr. Chester is not grey or wrinkled, lame or toothless. And these admirable qualities are brought up against him as if they were faults, when he objects to the over-venerable appellation of " father ". When his son, Edward, explains that he is about to speak "from his heart", the parent very reasonably objects—as Mr. or Mrs. Beadnell might have objected—to such " anatomical allusions ". And, without entirely endorsing an extreme view, spoken on the spur of the movement, it cannot be overlooked that " speaking from the heart "—or, indeed, any other portion of our anatomy—is undoubtedly responsible for more hysterical error than speech inspired by the more ordinarily thinking part of one's being. But this very reasonable objection of Mr. Chester's leads his son to make a warm reference to " Men whom the world and its hypocrisy have spoiled."

Let us be quite clear about this. There are hypocrites whom everyone detests as soon as they are detected. We all hate and decline to have anything to do with people who betray confidences, who are never candid and open. But what confidences did John Chester betray ? What could be more candid than his exposition of his and his son's affairs, and of his consequent wishes ? He frankly repudiates his son's charge of " unkind indifference ".

> Whether I am indifferent or no, I leave you, my dear boy, to judge. A ride of twenty-five or thirty miles, through miry roads—a Maypole dinner—a tête-à-tête with Haredale which, vanity apart, was quite a Valentine and Orson business—a Maypole bed—a Maypole landlord, and a Maypole retinue of idiots and centaurs—whether the voluntary endurance of these things looks like indifference, dear Ned, or like the excessive anxiety, and devotion, and all that sort of thing, of a parent, you shall determine for yourself.

What could be more like a model parent ?

Ned says that he loves Emma Haredale, and asks whether it is his father's intention and fixed design to keep them apart. " My dear Ned," returns his father, " that is my purpose most undoubtedly."

What could be more open ?

Mr. Chester tells his son—and us—that he has to thank his father for being of good family, for his mother had nothing to boast of in that respect. Ned objects that his mother's father was an eminent lawyer, and Mr. Chester agrees that he had a great name and great wealth; but he had risen from nothing, his father having, it was feared, dealt in pork, cow-heel and sausages. (A family similarity here must have struck Dickens's biographer

when he first read this in proof.) But the wealthy scion of *charcuterie* wished to marry his daughter into a good family. He had his heart's desire when she married John Chester, a younger son of a younger son, and consequently poor. I stepped into a fortune which I assure you was very necessary to my comfort—quite indispensable." That fortune was now among the things that had been. " Its skirts " had " vanished from human knowledge about eighteen or nineteen years ago." For the greater part of Ned's life, therefore, his father had given him social advantages and education on an inconsiderable annuity and his " past reputation " —in short, on credit. Having thus done the best for him, he now considered the time ripe for his son to provide for him in return. He must marry well and make the most of himself.

"A mere fortune-hunter ! " cries Ned indignantly, and his father replies with the unimpugnable argument:

> All men are fortune-hunters, are they not ? The law, the church, the court, the camp—see how they are all crowded with fortune-hunters, jostling each other in the pursuit. The Stock Exchange, the pulpit, the counting house, the royal drawing-room, the senate—what but fortune-hunters are they filled with?
>
> A fortune-hunter ! Yes. You *are* one; and you would be nothing else, my dear Ned, if you were the greatest courtier, lawyer, legislator, prelate or merchant, in existence. If you are squeamish and moral, Ned, console yourself with the reflection that at the very worst your fortune-hunting can make but one person miserable or unhappy. How many people do you suppose these other kinds of huntsmen crush in following their sport—hundreds at a step ? Or thousands ?

May I interpose that there is inevitably a great deal of hypocrisy usually involved in the successes indicated by Mr. Chester. Strange for a " hypocrite " to plead with his son for the lesser course, the lesser evil, involving quite problematical suffering at the very worst to but one person !

Continuing his candid exposition, John Chester tells his son that he may set his mind at rest about their circumstances, which are desperate. Their joint pocket-money alone devours their income. Their debts are very great, and as a young man of principle and honour it behoves him to pay them off as speedily as possible.

Would that many debtors were as honourable and scrupulous.

All this candour of the alleged hypocrite, it may be objected, is " unter vier Augen "—a tête-à-tête—but no, not at all. John Chester is just as candid with his opponent, Haredale; in fact remarkably so, seeing that it is to his interest to say nothing that might damage his own financial credit. He tells Haredale:

> Independently of any dislike that you or I might have to being related to each other, and independently of the religious differences between us—and damn it, that's important—I couldn't afford a match of this description. Ned and I couldn't do it. It's impossible.

The legend—as I prefer to call it—of John Chester's hypocrisy derives no doubt from the fact that he was a consummate actor.

But since when have hypocrisy and the actor's art been synonymous? Chester was just as candid about what he no doubt considered necessary dissimulation as about other matters. "My dear friend", he informs his enemy Haredale, "you told me not very long ago, at that delightful old tavern of which you are the esteemed proprietor [the Maypole] . . . "that I had the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception. I thought at the time; I really did think; you flattered me. But now I begin to wonder at your discernment, and vanity apart, do honestly believe you spoke the truth. Did you ever counterfeit extreme ingenuousness and honest indignation? My dear fellow, you have no conception, if you never did, how faint the effort makes one."

Of course, he was not serious. He was merely teasing the gloomy Haredale. It was all part of his charming manners. And—as Shaw generously said of Wells on the latter's death—"What a charmer he was!" He did not, it is true, succeed altogether in charming the watchful Dolly, but she had her own reasons for suspecting him. "For all his politeness and pleasant speaking, I am pretty sure he was making game of us, more than once." And how right she was.

But when a man is so tolerant, so all-embracing, so charming to all, has he not a right to his own share of the amusement? Why should not Mr. John Chester, in bed and wearing one of his son's nightcaps (or so we may infer from Tappertit's remarking the initials "E.C." on it), derive what amusement and practice he can from unfailing civility to the wholly unexpected and rather oilsome apprentice? The "complicated piece of ironmongery" Tappertit was carrying had no immediate connection with the business in hand. It was going to be fitted on a "ware'us door in Thames Street", and, this being so, and it having a stronger flavour of oil than Mr. Chester usually refreshed his bedroom with, Mr. Tappertit deferred to the gentle but firm suggestion that it might be placed outside the door. This done, Tappertit graciously accepted Mr. Chester's apology for mentioning it. A lesser mortal would have been merely rude. The visitor gone, Chester subsides into a quiet slumber—"such a gentle, pleasant sleep that it was quite infantine". In Heaven's name, we ask, what is there villainous about that?

Oh, very easy, says your blunt critic, hardly concealing his opinion that to be pleasant is to be "soft". With pleasing person and other favourable circumstances, what could be easier? But consider how "soft" Chester was in his intercourse with that rough diamond, Hugh; how he gently extracts the admission of theft, and then refuses to see the bracelet. "You are not a receiver!" exclaims Hugh, "What do you call that?"—indicating the letter. "I call that quite another thing." And Hugh begins to quake. He is as firmly in another man's hands as was ever a deluded victim of the truly villainous Jonathan Wild. No "softness" here; "gentleness," yes. Is it difficult to admit that Chester was first of a not inconsiderable line of "gentlemen" of varying types depicted by Dickens? Eugene, without the "villainy," was in direct descent from Chester.

A man may smile and smile and be a villain, but he is not bound

to be. John Chester, now Sir John, retained his charming manners to the end. There was a slight movement of impatience when the locksmith was so very imprudent as to come from Newgate, but the valet Peak and camphor soon restored his equanimity. Gabriel Varden was the only man who was a match for Sir John, but all his steadiness could not convince the knight that anyone would believe the story of the illegitimate son—the " centaur " of the Maypole—or show him that Sir John himself believed it. He did, of course, but what good would it have done to admit it ? He had given Hugh very good advice. He had told him he would certainly be hanged, and could have done no more if he had known of their relationship. " I would I had never seen that dark face of hers," he reflected. The regret was very human; but can we imagine it was altogether his fault ?

Chesterton said, in effect, that Sir John was not quite true to life, because unlike most of his type with rapier and sneer, he believed in beauty. And we who believe in beauty must in our way go on believing in Sir John. The beautiful life, the beautiful death ? Yes, even though at the hands of one whom Mrs. Caradoc Evans might have called " Death warmed up ".

Am I too sentimental in recalling a picture which used to hang in cottage parlours, showing a chilly, snowclad landscape against which were three figures; a dark and menacing duellist, his opponent a gay cavalier, and a florid lady, one hand on the cavalier's breast and the other on her own, and (presumably) speaking the caption: "Across my dead body first ? " Would there had been some such kind heart to frustrate Haredale's murderous intent ! But, alas, there was none. Poor Sir John !

And if there had been, it would have made no difference. John Chester fought, to be sadly defeated. But he was a *man*.

The marriage he had done so much to frustrate of course took place, but in circumstances he could not have foreseen, for the fortunate Edward had gone fortune-hunting in the West Indies. He had got on well, so that Haredale was able to say to the reunited lovers: " In goods and fortunes you are now nearly equal ".

Sad that his father was not to live to be reconciled to the lucky one; in fact, for all his " mercenary " disposition he was in no hurry to be so; for prior to his last interview with the locksmith he had " thrice within as many weeks " turned him from the door.

But why should there not have been a reconciliation ? John Chester may well have exaggerated when he told Edward that their joint pocket-money alone devoured their income, and in any case he would have had the whole of it for his own use to tide him over the tiresome five years after his son's departure. He might therefore well have survived any " credit squeeze ". And now that generous young man, really loving his father, might have been in a position to pay their joint debts as it behoved a young man of principle and honour to do. But alas ! the consummation of father happily united with son and daughter-in-law, rejoicing in their children—all had to be frustrated by that fatal duel and the complete absence in this instance of the proverbial happy ending.

CAPTAIN MORGAN AGAIN

By William J. Carlton

THE story of Dickens's friendship with Captain Elisha Ely Morgan, of the American merchant marine, has been told recently in these pages.[1] Some new information which has since come to light shows that that friendship dated from at least as early as 1850 and extended to the captain's children, one of whom has left on record a charming account of their meeting with the novelist.

A hitherto unpublished letter from Dickens, written on March 17th, 1850, at Brighton, was addressed to "Captain Morgan, Packet ship *Southampton*, East India Docks, London."

"My Dear Sir,

"I thank you warmly, for your kind remembrance of me. It gratifies me very much.

"Mrs. Dickens desires her kind regards. We shall be back in town on Wednesday. Have you any better engagement for this day week, than to join our family dinner at ½ past 5? If not, I shall be delighted to find a note at home, saying we may expect you.

"Very faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens."

Two days later, while still at Brighton, we find Dickens writing to Martin F. Tupper, of *Proverbial Philosophy* fame, in reply to his request for advice about a contemplated trip to America with his family: "I am perfectly acquainted, as you may suppose, with every kind of accommodation and want of accommodation in travelling all over the States as well as on the voyage . . . I have not the shadow of a shade of doubt that you ought to go in a liner, i.e. a packet ship. There is infinitely more room; you can make room, by knocking two state rooms into one (as I did coming home); you can contract for your whole family without difficulty, for about half a steamer's charges; the motion is incomparably easier; the interest of the passage much greater; you might even take the whole of the Ladies' Cabin, and be in a perfect house of your own . . . You would not be half so sick in an airy, skimming ship, as in a mad plunging Sea-Bull of a Steamer, bent on rushing head first at every demoniacal obstacle that is to be found in the Atlantic, and going through the water, instead of over it . . . I expect to see the Captain of the finest Packet ship in this trade, on Sunday next. I will sound him closely about all the ships; knowing him to be one of the most honest and skilful mariners in the world. The result of our discourse shall be yours when you please."

Tupper did not follow Dickens's advice, however. Leaving his wife and children behind, he sailed from Liverpool on February 27th, 1851, in the Royal Mail steamship *Asia*, which he described as "a tidy yacht of 2266 tons, sitting gracefully on the water like a great black swan,"[2] and so missed a golden opportunity of

[1] *The Dickensian*, LIII, 75-82 (May 1957).
[2] Derek Hudson. *Martin Tupper, his Rise and Fall* (1949), pp. 111-112.

making the acquaintance of Captain Morgan. In one of his transatlantic crossings only a few months after the date of Dickens's letter, the captain set up a new record. Leaving Sandy Hook in the *Southampton* at 11 p.m. on June 8th, 1850, he landed his passengers at Falmouth in thirteen days and twelve hours, the best passage that had ever been made over that course.[1] He was in London on July 21st, for Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield on the 22nd: "Yesterday . . . I went to the Miss Leslies and Captain Morgan the American captain."[2]

Captain Morgan has been described as a calm, self-possessed officer, whose reproval of a delinquent mate rarely took a form more severe than "Never mind, I'll attend to it myself this voyage." While on deck during a storm he seemed to preserve his equilibrium by chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. Thackeray and Leslie, the artist, once sailed with him from London to Portsmouth. In the fury of a gale which sprang up suddenly the captain, with hands to his mouth, stood shouting to the sailors up on the yards. Leslie, who had taken refuge under the gunwale, exclaimed, "Great heavens, what a picture!" and proceeded to make a sketch of the commanding officer which he afterwards filled in with his portrait—a work of art long in the possession of the captain's family.[3] One of his descendants still preserves the following characteristic letter, written from Tavistock House on December 22nd, 1852:

"My Dear Captain Morgan,

"I was delighted the other day to see your handwriting again, and immediately smoked a cigar in your honour. The children fell to work upon the biscuits with exceeding vigour, and you were (and usually are) almost as often in our mouths as either of those commodities.

"All your friends here have been quite amazed at your not sailing over the salt sea, backward and forward, perpetually. For when you began to talk about retiring from the watery plough, we all said 'Lord bless you, he is going to begin to be always aboard ship now'; but our wisdom was at fault. If you don't reappear soon, we think of building a joint stock clipper to be called the Defiance, and for evermore cutting you out.

"All sorts and conditions of men send you their regards. My wife and her sister send their loves, Mrs. Morgan permitting. They are particularly anxious to know how the young lady is who took the dry one.[4] You see her frequently, I have no doubt.

"Very cordially yours,
CHARLES DICKENS."

Captain Morgan was the father of two boys and two girls. He arranged for three of these children, two of whom were still in their teens, to visit Europe in the summer and autumn of 1861. They wrote a detailed narrative of their experiences and fifteen

[1] Carl C. Cutler, *The Story of the American Clipper Ship*, New York (1930), p. 167.
[2] *The Letters and Private Papers of W. M. Thackeray*, ed. Gordon N. Ray, II, 683.
[3] Richard C. McKay, *South Street: a Maritime History of New York*, New York (1934), pp. 230-231.
[4] See *The Dickensian*, LIII, 80-81 (May 1957).

years later one of them, Mary Frances Morgan, made public some of the highlights of the tour.[1] All three, she tells us, had been brought up to know Dickens by heart. They were like Miss Thackeray, who, according to her famous father, "when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is unhappy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is tired, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is in bed, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she has nothing to do, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; and when she has finished the book, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again."[2] They knew the novelist, too, as a warm personal friend of their father, and felt that, by virtue of auld lang syne, they had at least some claim upon his friendship.

When the three young people found themselves in England, with the parental permission to wander whithersoever their fancy might lead them, they formed a "Council of Three" and discussed their plan of action. The upshot of their deliberations was a journey to France and Italy, where they climbed to the roof of St. Peter's, floated in gondolas and bathed in the Adriatic. "Our eyes saw Mont Blanc, and our ears heard the shrill 'Vive l'Imperatrice!' of a Parisian crowd."

In the late autumn when they returned to England and found that Dickens had begun his readings, it became very plain to them that in one way or another they must hear him. "We made to each other a solemn declaration that we would expatriate ourselves, or take other equally desperate measures, rather than return to America without compassing our end. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was reading only in the provinces, and it was by no means easy to find out when or how to catch him. The Council of Three had a protracted meeting, the result of which was that my brother wrote directly to Mr. Dickens, telling him of our desire and asking if he would be kind enough to advise us what to do. Quickly came back a little note, asking us to meet him at Colchester, where he was to read on a certain evening the trial from *Pickwick* and selections from *Nicholas Nickleby* . . ."

Dickens had set out on what Forster describes as the second series of provincial readings in East Anglia at the end of October, 1861. Beginning with two evenings at Norwich on October 28th and 29th, he proceeded to Bury St. Edmunds on the 30th and to Ipswich on the 31st. On the morning of Friday, November 1st, he wrote to Georgina Hogarth at Gad's Hill: "At mid-day we go to Colchester, where I shall expect the young Morgans. I sent a telegram on yesterday, after receiving your note, to secure places for them. The answer returned by telegraph was: 'No box-seats left but on the fourth row.' If they prefer to sit on the stage (for I read in the theatre, there being no other large public room), they shall. Meantime I have told John, who went forward this morning with the other men, to let the people at the inn know that if three travellers answering that description appear before my dinner-time, they are to dine with me."[3]

[1] *St. Nicholas: Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys*, New York, IV, 438-441 (May 1877).

[2] Thackeray's lecture on "Charity and Humour," 1852 (*The Dickensian*, XXXV, 82, Winter, 1938-39).

[3] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), III, 249.

The story is continued by Mary Morgan. "A few days later we were met on the platform at Colchester by the young man who was then officiating as Mr. Dickens's secretary,[1] who took us at once to the queer old English inn, than which we could have found no fitter place to meet him who wrote of 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn' and those two dear little runaways. Can anybody imagine how we felt when, half an hour later, a fat and solemn waiter appeared at our door to inform us that 'Mr. Dickens hisself had hordered supper for us'? . . . Everything that the appetite of sixteen was likely to fancy was there—even to a certain kind of little custards which Mr. Dickens had selected as being sure to please the 'young ladies.'

"And then we were taken off to the theatre and ensconced in a corner where we could see and hear better than anybody else, and where we caught, more than once during the evening, sideway smiles from the world-known eyes and mouth that were so quick and keen in their glances and expression . . . After the reading was over, it was with not a little trembling that our insignificant feet followed the attendant to the dressing-room, where Mr. Dickens, in his shirt-sleeves, was walking rapidly up and down, as a means of getting through the cooling and calming process which was always necessary after the great excitement and exertion of his reading . . . Through the softly falling snow we came back together to London, and on the railway platform parted with a hearty hand-shaking, from the man who will forever be enshrined in our hearts as the kindest and most generous, not to say most brilliant of hosts."

Writing to Forster from Brighton a week later, Dickens assured him that they had turned away half Dover and half Hastings and half Colchester. "I left Colchester in a heavy snow-storm. Today it is so warm here that I can hardly bear the fire, and am writing with the window open down to the ground."[2]

Mary Morgan preserved carefully a letter addressed to her and her sister soon after their return to America:

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Monday Tenth February 1862

"My Dear Girls

"——For if I were to write 'young friends,' it would look like a schoolmaster; and if I were to write 'young ladies,' it would look like a schoolmistress; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy ride that tooth-chattering morning.

"I cannot tell you both, how gratified I was by your remembrance, or how often I think of you as I smoke the admirable cigars. But I almost think you must have had some magnetic consciousness across the Atlantic, of my whiffing my love towards you from the garden here.

"My daughter says that when you have settled those little public affairs at home,[3] she hopes you will come back to England

[1] Thomas Headland had succeeded Arthur Smith as business manager.
[2] Forster's *Life*, ed. Ley, p. 689.
[3] A reference to the American Civil War which had broken out in 1861.

(possibly in United States) and give a minute or two to this part of Kent. *Her* words are, 'a day or two'; but I remember your Italian flights, and correct the message.

"I have only just now finished my country Readings, and have had nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester!

"Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS."[1]

The article in which this delightful epistle was first printed in May 1877 was entitled "Our Letter, by M. F. Armstrong." The editors of the Nonesuch edition of Dickens's letters not unnaturally assumed that it was addressed to "the Misses Armstrong." It was in fact addressed to the Misses Ruth and Mary Morgan, one of whom a few years later fulfilled a part of the hope expressed by the writer and became Mrs. Armstrong by her marriage, on April 10th, 1867, to Mr. William Nevins Armstrong, a son of Dr. Richard Armstrong and brother of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia. Mr. W. N. Armstrong was a lawyer and a member of the cabinet of Kalakaua, king of the Hawaiian Islands, whom he accompanied as Attorney General on a journey round the world in 1881. The incidents of this trip he described in his book, *Around the World with a King*, New York, 1904. Mrs. M. F. Armstrong (*née* Morgan) was a teacher at Hampton Institute for many years, lectured on temperance and on her childhood friendship with Dickens, edited and contributed to *The Southern Workman*, and was the author of *Hampton and its Students* (with Helen W. Ludlow), New York, 1874; *Preventable Diseases*, 1878; and *On Habits and Manners*, 1888. A woman of much intellectual ability, intense feelings and strong will, she threw herself heart and soul into her work for temperance, sanitary and prison reform, education, women's advancement, and various philanthropies public and private. A first-class housekeeper, hostess and mother, she was full of kindly charitable impulses, making her home a place of graceful hospitality and a refuge to the weary until her death on February 7th, 1903.[2]

Mary Morgan's brother, William Dan Morgan, became a frequent visitor at Gad's Hill, where he had called with a message from his father to Dickens on June 30th, 1861. He was at Gad's Hill again on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, 1862, and there he saw the New Year in a week later. "Your son is a great favourite in this house," wrote Dickens to the captain, "and I hope and sincerely believe is all you can wish him to be." The death of his old friend the captain in 1864 did not mark the end of Dickens's association with the Morgan family, for on November 21st, 1867, he wrote from the Parker House, Boston, to Georgina Hogarth: "Morgan is staying with me; came yesterday to breakfast and goes home tomorrow." And a few weeks later, in another letter to Georgina from New York: "Mrs. Morgan sent me, the other night, I suppose the finest and costliest basket of flowers ever seen, made of white camellias, yellow roses, pink roses, and I don't

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), III, 286.
[2] *The Southern Workman*, XXXII, 137 (March 1903).

know what else. It is a yard and a half round at its smallest part."[1] Mrs. Morgan was the captain's widow, and to her the novelist wrote on December 14th, 1867:

" My Dear Mrs. Morgan,

" I have to thank you for by far the most beautiful present of flowers I ever saw. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I have kept it on my table, or how delightfully it has refreshed my eyes. It has been the envy and admiration of all beholders, and is still in a thriving condition.

" Believe me always,
Very faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS."

At the farewell banquet given to Dickens by the Press of the United States at Delmonico's Restaurant, New York, on April 20th, 1868, W. D. Morgan and his brother-in-law, W. N. Armstrong, were among the 200 guests.[2] A few weeks earlier young Morgan had written announcing his engagement to Miss Angelica Hoyt, who afterwards became Mrs. Morgan and the mother of his four children.

" 70, South Street,
March 14th, 1868.

" My Dear Mr. Dickens,

" I am engaged to be married and envy no man alive. I may as well make this statement at once as it will perfectly explain any incoherence you may discover in the remainder of this note.

" Osgood has written me to say you will dine with me on the 21st of April the day before you sail, and nothing could assure me more strongly of your continued kind feeling for me than the fact that you have fixed upon that time.

" You will not however see the last of me although you will of Mr. Delmonico: it is my present intention to go as far as Liverpool with you and I have gone so far in that direction as to take my passage.

" I am obliged to go on business but if a premium can be got from Dolby I am not above taking it.

" I shall ask you and him to meet Miss Hoyt on your return here and with the kindest regards

" I am
Always sincerely yours,
W. D. MORGAN "[3]

William D. Morgan carried on his father's business as a merchant and shipowner at 70 South Street, New York's leading commercial thoroughfare or " street of ships." He dined with Dickens on the day before he sailed with him on his voyage to England. He was later to become one of the Governors and Treasurer of the New York Hospital, Vice-President of the Produce Exchange, Director of the Continental Bank, Trustee of the Seamen's Savings Bank, Director of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co. and a Governor of the Knickerbocker Club.

[1] *Letters* (Nonesuch ed.), III, 572, 583.
[2] W. Glyde Wilkins, *Charles Dickens in America*, 1911, pp. 309, 312.
[3] Unpublished letter in the Library of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.

DINNER WITH DICKENS

Bill of Fare

Clear Soup

Palestine Soup

Cod - oyster Sauce - Soles with fine Herbs

Fricandeau of Chicken with Spinach

Sweetbreads with Peas à Truffles

Beef Gravy

Saddle of Mutton

Pheasants

Scallopped oysters

Ginger Pudding

Mince Pies

Charlotte of Oranges

Jelly à la Macédoine

Fondu

Apricot Cream Ice - Orange Water Ice

A manuscript menu recently presented to the Dickens House by Messrs. Chas. J. Sawyer & Co., of a dinner served probably at Gad's Hill in the sixties. Experts have decided that it is in the hand of Georgina Hogarth.

THE THEATRICAL TERNANS

By Malcolm Morley

Part II

MR. and Mrs. Thomas Lawless Ternan returned from America early in 1837 with their baby daughter Fanny. Before her marriage, followed by the headlong trip overseas, Mrs. Ternan had been billed in her native country as Miss Jarman, a title that was now to belong to her unmarried younger sister Louisa. Since the fitful appearance of the latter in Dublin and at Covent Garden she had become a minor star of operetta, taking provincial engagements for the singing rôles in *Guy Mannering, Rob Roy* and other pieces where music was an essential part. When the wandering Ternans set foot again in England she was the Miss Jarman appearing in Devonport, Bath and elsewhere. But the career of Louisa as a singing heroine was not to be of long duration. Little is recorded of her after that year.

Another theatrical shifting of name was that of Fanny, by which Mrs. Ternan had been billed since childhood. Henceforth this became the prerogative of the infant daughter who was to be known everywhere, in and out of the theatre, as Fanny Ternan, or more generally, little Fanny Ternan. Mrs. Ternan, no longer Fanny in the playhouse, assumed the use of her full baptismal names, Frances Eleanor, and by these we shall from now on refer to her.

The second child of the Ternans was born shortly after they were on British soil—a daughter named Maria, the family diminutive of which (used all through her life) was Mia. Only a slight halt to theatrical engagements was occasioned by the new arrival. As co-stars, husband and wife visited Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Liverpool, Birmingham and Dublin, dear to them both. They acted together as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, as Shylock and Portia, as Othello and Desdemona, and as Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle; in *The Honeymoon*, Duke Aranza and Juliana; in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Edgar and Lucy; and in *The Heart of Midlothian*, Staunton and Jennie. Also on their list were *Fazio, The Shadow on the Wall, Personation* and, inevitably, *The Stranger*.

In Thomas Noon Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*, Frances Eleanor was seen in the title rôle, whilst Thomas played Adraustus. The author, the friend of Dickens, described Ternan as being more forceful than correct. When Mrs. Ternan acted Mary, Queen of Scots, a self-inspired critic seeking the witty phrase, wrote that the part gave her " an opportunity for shutting her eyes with all the eloquence of a duck at the mercy of the elements ". The work of the touring stars was decidedly strenuous though not unprofitable—and money was a consideration with growing family expenses.

The goal of Ternan's desire was a debut in London at one of the patent theatres, Drury Lane or Covent Garden. So far he had appeared at neither, nor for that matter at any metropolitan playhouse. His wife, before their marriage, had been nightly applauded at Covent Garden. William Macready, since the death

of Edmund Kean, the top-ranking British actor, had recently taken over this establishment. It was to be devoted to Shakespeare and the legitimate drama. Around him Macready had gathered much of the best theatrical talent. In fierce competition with the Garden was Drury Lane, where pompous little Alfred Bunn held sway and was seeking a company as strong as or stronger than that of Macready. There was little love between the two managers. Macready had, some time previously, physically assaulted Mr. Bunn in a fit of fury at the ignominious treatment meted out to him by that individual.

Bunn, energetic, efficient if over-assertive, set about the task. Against Macready he would pit Charles Kean, son of the great Edmund, while to compete with Helen Faucit at the rival playhouse he would engage Mrs. Ternan. Naturally, he agreed there was also a place for her husband at Drury Lane. Ternan, his set object in sight, laid down conditions. He would play seconds to none, certainly not to Samuel Butler, a tragedian of commanding stature and booming voice, whom Bunn had enlisted. As for Charles Kean—well he had his own views about the ability of that young man. Bunn refused to listen. Ternan stood on his dignity and Bunn left him standing there.

The dissatisfied actor, not regularly engaged at the Lane, remained aloof whilst Frances Eleanor was permanently employed. Probably as a sop to her, Bunn conceded the occasional performance by her husband though not a regular member of the company. And so, at last, on October 25th, 1837, Thomas Lawless Ternan made a first appearance in London. The play selected was *The Merchant of Venice* in which he acted Shylock with Mrs. Lovell as Portia. Some of the reviews were kind; most were unfavourable. One said Ternan merited popularity, another admitted him to be handsome and possessed of an expressive voice but added he was "short and stout and would never lead the tragic business". A third notice accused him of dropping his voice and indulging in weary and artificial pauses. The question was asked why Mrs. Lovell was cast for Portia instead of Mrs. Ternan. And the same Mrs. Lovell was to displace Frances Eleanor as Lady Macbeth when Ternan was seen as the Thane in a solitary performance near the end of the season.

The only other character played by Ternan at Drury Lane was Iago and in this he was more successful. Charles Kean appeared as Othello and the tragedy, produced on May 16th, 1838, was repeated seven times. Actors of equal status often appeared together in *Othello* as the Moor and his Ancient, neither rôle being considered inferior to the other. The self-esteem of Ternan suffered no hurt. Frances Eleanor played Emelia; a contemporary journal was of the opinion that she should have been Desdemona, mentioned as one of her very best parts. But that rôle had been assigned by Bunn to Miss Allison (afterwards Mrs. Seymour, the "Egeria" of Charles Reade). When the youthful Kean acted Hamlet, Frances Eleanor was cast for Gertrude, whereas on other occasions she had been Ophelia, a character more suited to her still youthful looks and manner. During the season she played, among other rôles, Cora in *Pizarro*, Amy Robsart in an adaptation

of *Kenilworth*, and Portia to the Shylock of Charles Kean (Mrs. Lovell notwithstanding). Though kept contantly busy at Drury Lane, few real opportunities had been given her and the actress was not unduly sorry when the season came to an end. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Ternan had been particularly happy under the management of Alfred Bunn.

There came a call from the provinces. Montague Penley, manager of the Newcastle Theatre, invited the Ternans to play leading business there. Thomas regarded the city as one of the strongest of his strongholds. Was it not here that his histrionic gifts had been so greatly appreciated before the American adventure? In the autumn of 1838 he and his wife opened in Newcastle as Shylock and Portia to a full and enthusiastic house.

One by one Ternan played his pet parts, Hamlet, Richard III, King Lear, Othello and Macbeth. Frances Eleanor was co-star in all the plays. It was announced they would be returning to Drury Lane later in the season but such was not the case. The Lane, still under the banner of Bunn, was to be devoted entirely to opera and pageantry. There was no place for the Ternans. They were strolling players once again. On March 3rd, 1839, another daughter was born. She was christened Ellen Lawless Ternan.

That summer Thomas and Frances Eleanor were in London reviewing the prospects of winter engagements at one or other of the patent theatres. Things were not at their brightest in town where the classic drama seemed to be suffering from one of its periodical declines. Michael William Balfe, the composer, had rented the English Opera House, as the Lyceum was then called. It was a playhouse not licensed for the legitimate drama in the ordinary way and Balfe's first interest was opera, particularly works of his own. He engaged a powerful singing company and in addition recruited an acting company to supplement the operatic fare with melodrama and farce. Here the Ternans found a place. *Rob Roy* was given with Frances Eleanor as Helen, and on August 10th she played Kathleen in Samuel Lover's *Snap Apple Night*, a melodramatic farrago laughed off the stage because the villain, over-acted by Tom Lyon, took too long a-dying. *The Rent Day* of Douglas Jerrold was next revived with the Ternans as Martin and Rachael Heywood.

Dissensions and discords in the theatre soon caused Balfe to withdraw from management, leaving the singers and actors to form a Commonwealth and carry on without him. During the brief period of its existence, Thomas served as Acting Manager. For his Benefit on September 23rd, 1839, he played the remorseful Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*. It was Ternan's last appearance in London. Soon afterwards the Commonwealth dissolved.

Ternan resolved to turn his back on London once and for all. The lease of the Newcastle Theatre was available, Penley's tenure having come to an end. Thomas was a favourite in the North, there he would be able to control his own destiny. Smouldering ambition consumed him. He would snap his fingers at the managers who had barred his progress. If he became a manager himself he would not be under orders from any despot. Instead

he would be his own despot. Frances Eleanor, less concerned with her stage work than with the care of her children, fell in with his wishes.

On November 18th, 1839, the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, opened under the sole management of Thomas Lawless Ternan; the new lessee played Hamlet, and his wife Ophelia. It is interesting to note that the romantic Charles Dillon, then twenty years old, was a member of the company. The following year Ternan rented the Doncaster Theatre and ran it in conjunction with Newcastle. Sheffield next came under his banner and, seeking still further fields to conquer, he negotiated for York and Hull, though here he failed to obtain the theatres. Thomas was the Napoleon of Northumberland and went in a constant round from city to city. Extending their territory the Ternans visited Carlisle, Liverpool and Manchester. Up to Edinburgh and Aberdeen they went and across to Dublin where they had so many friends. Audiences greeted them with cheers, cheers largely due to the affection held for Frances Eleanor.

As with most players' children at that time, the scene was a constantly changing one for the Ternan girls. If not accompanying their parents hither and thither, they were being tended by friends, maybe by strangers. Generally the younglings were regarded as members of the troupe and travelled with their elders. Frances Eleanor surely found her days full: sharing the managerial problems, the hopes and disappointments of her husband; arranging for the comfort and education of her daughters; learning and repeating long leading rôles on the stage night after night; providing and, as often as not, making the costumes—all in addition to the persistent travelling and changing of rooms from place to place. When taking a Benefit she might, in similar manner to Mrs. Siddons before her, have given three good reasons for making the appeal and brought on Fanny, Maria and Ellen.

Children of theatrical families in provincial centres, particularly if they showed any aptitude, were launched on the stage early in their young lives. It was the era of Infant Phenomena and the public paid to see the childish mummeries. Inevitably the Ternan girls were to face the footlights almost from the time of leaving the cradle. In fact, one or other of them might have been taken from the cradle in a dressing room and carried on in a play where a babe was wanted, the real thing, a living property instead of a bundle of nondescript clothing.

It was at Newcastle, the Ternan headquarters, that Fanny and Maria made their initial appearances on the stage. Maria was the first to be given status as an actress. On March 25th, 1840, " the first appearance on any stage of Maria Susanna Ternan " was proudly announced at the Theatre Royal. She was billed as the Child of Cora, the role played by her mother, in *Pizarro*. Barely three years of age the infant had fortunately nothing to say though the character was a vital one in the drama. Fondled by her mother, the child, in an unguarded moment, is snatched away by Spanish soldiers and held as a hostage. The gallant Rollo, a super-hero, gives his life to rescue the little one. Nearly a score

of years later, at the time of his friendship with the Ternan family, Dickens, in a letter to Mrs. Richard Watson, made mention of Maria as " born on the stage and inured to it from the days when she was a little child in *Pizarro* ".

On April 1st following her heralded first appearance, Maria was joined by Fanny, and the two girls were cast as the children in *The Stranger*. Fanny, as the elder and certainly the more serious of the sisters, must have spoken the few lines assigned in the text to the Stranger's progeny: such lines as " Is that my Father ? ", " I thought I should see my Father ", etc. Later in the month Fanny made a more individual appearance as Biron's son in Southerne's tragedy of *Isabella*, in which her father played Biron and her mother Isabella.

Fanny made rapid progress in the profession chosen for her and was given more and more responsible rôles. She was seen as Edward in *Everyone has his Fault* by Mrs. Inchbald, the part in which Frances Eleanor had made her debut in Bath twenty-six years previously. Edward is an astute lad who discovers in a stranger his unknown mother and brings about her reconciliation with his grandfather, the parent by whom she has been disowned in the past.

Reigning in his theatrical kingdom, King Ternan commanded some of the biggest stars of the stage. He engaged the great tenor, John Braham of the St. James's, to sing in a series of ballad operas. For three nights he gave place in Newcastle to Charles Kean, his late contestant at Drury Lane. And when Kean acted Richard III, the youthful Duke of York was Fanny. Another Shakespearean rôle was Mamilius in *The Winter's Tale* which the young girl played for the first time on March 24th, 1841, with her father and mother in the cast as Leontes and Hermione. Fanny danced, with others, in snippets of Ballet put on at the theatre and, by herself, cavorted in the Cachouca, a popular Andalusian dance. What might be termed her first leading part was Billy in a two-act drama of R. B. Peake, *The Climbing Boy*. Billy is a sweep's assistant who ascends chimneys to displace the soot. A kidnapped child, it is inevitable that he should prove to be the son of wealthy parents.

The next year in Carlisle Fanny appeared as Little Pickle in the standard farce for prodigies of all ages, *The Spoiled Child*, and in another equally favoured work, *The Four Mowbrays* or *Old and Young*, in which she played a young girl who in turn impersonates her three imaginary brothers, each having different characteristics. Fanny was constantly in the bill; Maria only occasionally and then mostly when the play required two children as in *The Rent Day* and *The Hunter of the Alps*. In the latter, Fanny and Maria were seen as brothers in adversity. Florio, the elder, was sternly protective of Julio, the younger, who proclaimed in the baby voice of Maria that she was a stout little fellow. And Maria was decidedly the plumper of the two.

When Ternan opened the Sheffield Theatre in the autumn of 1842, Fanny was billed above both father and mother who turned the limelight away from themselves and on their phenomenal daughter. For three months the child was supreme in Sheffield,

playing part after part, from Arthur in *King John* to Albert in Sheridan Knowles' *William Tell*. A play said to be written expressly for her was *The Young Actress*. Actually it was a complete copy of *The Manager's Daughter*, by E. R. Lancaster, a comedy in which another infant prodigy, Jean Davenport, had made her debut six years earlier. Jean, it may be remembered, was the supposed original of Ninetta Crummles in *Nicholas Nickleby*. *The Young Actress* was an impersonation story dealing with the stage. The prompter's daughter, played by Fanny, in order to prove her versatility to the members of a theatrical company, appears in quick succession in a number of contrasting characters. Her impersonations were listed: Hector, a stage-struck Yankee; Effie Heatherbloom, a Scottish girl with National Dance; Victor, a French itinerant musician; Margery, a country gawky; and Goody Stubbins, an old, old, woman. Virtuosity indeed!

In due course, Ellen, the youngest of the Ternans, made her debut as an actress. Our old friend *The Stranger* was given at Sheffield on November 15th, 1842. The gloomy Stranger was played by Ternan, Mrs. Haller by Mrs. Ternan, and the Children by Miss F. Ternan and Miss E. Ternan, so the playbill read. This is the first recorded appearance of Ellen, aged three, on the stage. All three sisters were now fledged members of the Ternan company.

Following Sheffield came Liverpool, then Dublin, where the family had an anchorage at 3 Talbot Arcade. Fanny continued her round of parts which now included the General in *Bombastes Furioso*, and Richard III in scenes from Shakespeare's play, attempted for her Benefit on April 8th, 1843, before leaving with her father and mother to fulfil engagements in Scotland. Whilst Maria performed now and then, Ellen, a timid child and far more retiring than her sisters, was not to appear on the stage again for a considerable period. In the theatre it was Fanny all the time. Away from the playhouse she wore her honours modestly and was said to have "a native turn for humour in private association" and "to have a head perfectly unaffected by vanity". To her other accomplishments the girl added the gift of music, composing songs and singing them in public. She also recited poems written by herself. A number of these were published at the time in the *Doncaster Gazette*.

Robert Maywood, the manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when the Ternans were acting in that city seven years earlier, was now in control of the Strand Theatre, London. It was arranged that Fanny should appear there supported by the resident company. She was brought to town and made what might be termed her London debut on September 4th, 1843, in *The Spoiled Child*. On September 7th Fanny paraded her various impersonations in *The Young Actress* at the Strand. The hall-mark of London was upon her. But London had a way of petting Infant Phenomena and putting them on one side. The same month the little actress was on display in Doncaster and later in the year at Bath, Hereford, Whitehaven and other places.

Ternan was finding the hazards of the theatre a considerable strain. His provincial ventures, at first profitable, were showing

a loss. One by one he disposed of the playhouses he had leased and more and more sought engagements under other managements for himself, his wife and the much publicised Fanny. The family was on the road during 1844 going from town to town. In December of that year the Ternans were again in Newcastle and it was here that Thomas made his last appearance on the stage. His diction, once so clear, was losing its distinctive resonance, his voice had become hoarse and broken. He was a

The Heron Family

from the collection of the author

sick man. Disappointments and financial worries had caused a breakdown in health. Rest was necessary. Perforce he must cease his feverish activities. But money was wanted to pay for his care and treatment. He was no longer a breadwinner. Frances Eleanor, not without courage, took command of the situation. She and the girls would continue their nomadic lives. J. L. Pritchard of the Hull Theatre offered them an immediate engagement and here they all appeared in January, 1845, announced as "Mrs. Ternan and Daughters".

Meanwhile at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, a rival infant phenomenon had entered the lists. This was Mary Anne Heron. At the

age of nine, in emulation no doubt of Fanny Ternan, she had portrayed Richard III, a display of talent if not of realism. Her father, John Heron, was a musician and actor attracted to the playhouse and, like the Ternan children, Mary had been virtually born and bred in the purlieus of dressing room and green room. Like Fanny, she came to the Strand Theatre, and again, like Fanny, she had younger sisters who acted with her in Dublin and on tour. They were billed as " The Heron Family " and were to prove as much a feature of provincial theatricals as " Mrs. Ternan and Daughters." There were other infant prodigies before the public, but Fanny Ternan and Mary Heron were the most acclaimed up and down the hinterland.

All three of the Ternan girls were acting consistently with their mother; sometimes without her, as in a play written for them, *Young Nap*, or *The Little Corporal of Brienne*. Fanny was Napoleon, Maria was Eugene Dangeais, and Ellen, not yet six, was Josephine, Empress to be. Juvenile drama, forsooth! In *The Hunter of the Alps*, when Maria was promoted to the elder brother, Florio, the stout little fellow part of Julio was played by Ellen.

The early appearances of Maria gave indication of a sense of comedy that was to be strongly developed in maturity. This was noticeable in her performance of Tom Thumb in Kane O'Hara's burlesque of the same name. She and Fanny danced the Polka together as a special item. It was a dance recently introduced from Bohemia and so much the rage that it was introduced between plays in theatres all over the country. The two girls were often seen together in the once popular melodrama of *The Wandering Boys*, Fanny as the assertive Paul, and Maria as the weepy Justine.

Fanny had other plays written expressly for her. There was *The Will for the Deed*, or *The Roundheads*, by the author of *Young Nap*, in which she played Frances Clarenden and sang a song written by herself. In *The Little Tiger* she was a stage-struck boy full of Shakespearean quotations and as Charles Edward in *The Pet of the Admiral*, a new piece of very familiar pattern, she indulged in six contrasting impersonations. York and Leeds were visited, then Liverpool, following in the wake of Mary Heron, whose youthful dramatics had recently enthused audiences in that city. The rivalry of the Ternans and the Herons continued without abate.

There came a respite from the provinces when Frances Eleanor went to the Princess's in London to support Macready in a round of the classics. No longer Ophelia she played Gertrude to his Hamlet on October 13th, 1846, following later with Regan to his King Lear and Emelia to his Othello. It was but a brief engagement.

Sad fortune attended the actress. Her ailing husband needed attention; his illness showed no improvement. Poor Ternan, at war with the world—and with himself. More than ever did Frances Eleanor feel the responsibilities crowding her life. Thomas might never be himself again and there was the family for which to provide. She could not afford to remain idle. Work was

imperative, work in the theatre. That winter Frances Eleanor was in Dublin at the Theatre Royal when a starring engagement brought Macready to the city. She was Servia the evening he acted Virginius and, after the performance, the visiting actor, disgruntled though he was with Ireland and the management, asked to see her gifted little girl who was in the house. Without doubt the little girl was Fanny. Gifted was the adjective applied everywhere to the eldest of the Ternan sisters. Macready described her as "a very sweet child"—rare praise from him.

The next year Mrs. Ternan and Macready were again at the Princess's where, on April 27th, 1846, they played in *Macbeth*. Later in the week the two appeared in *Virginius*. Dickens was in London and Macready mentions in his informative Diary that they went to the Royal Academy together on May 2nd. The friendship between novelist and tragedian was such that Dickens would surely have heard from Macready something about the actress who was playing leads with him at the Princess's. And it maybe that Dickens attended the theatre himself.

The summer saw Frances Eleanor and Fanny in twin stardom touring together without Maria or Ellen. In Leeds, Mrs. Ternan played Desdemona for the last time. It had always been considered one of her best rôles—but she was now forty-three. Other characters she acted there, also in Doncaster and Hull, were Imogine in *Bertram*, Olivia in *The Rose of Aragon*, Marianna in *The Wife*, and the title-rôle in *Georgette*, a dramatic version of Donizetti's opera *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Fanny, still the prodigy, repeated her round of parts adding to their number the mischievous Joseph in *The Young Scamp* and the five impersonations in another virtuoso piece *Young France*, or *The Hero of Fort Verdile*.

Returning to London, Mrs. Ternan lodged at 245 Blackfriars Road, close to the Surrey Theatre where, once again, she was to play opposite Macready. They opened in *Hamlet* on September 7th. Later came *King Lear* and *Othello*. Saturday, October 17th, 1846, was to prove a fated day. The play was *Macbeth*, given before a large and responsive audience; Macready and Frances Eleanor in the leading parts were called time and again. The stage tragedy over, the actress was to learn of a real one. Her husband in a fit of despair had committed suicide. Some time previously it had been necessary to consign him to a mental home in Bethnal Green and there the tormented Ternan had that very day sought peace in death. His frustrations and struggles were over. Thomas Lawless Ternan was buried on October 22nd in Christ Church, Blackfriars, the funeral being attended by his grieving widow and his two brothers.

Shattered by the dreadful happening, the disconsolate Frances Eleanor resigned her parts at the Surrey to Miss Richardson, a member of the company. Macready the ill-tempered, the exigent and austere, was deeply sympathetic. At heart he was a kind and generous man. The distressed actress had expenses to meet and he insisted upon helping her. It was not to be a loan, but a gift to her little girl—meaning Fanny. No play, no pay was the rule in the playhouse and Mrs. Ternan would be receiving no

salary from the Surrey. She must not refuse to let him help. Macready urged that she come back to the theatre if only for the night of November 4th to play Portia to his Shylock. Work would be a balm for grief. At a rehearsal of *The Merchant of Venice*, Frances Eleanor was so overcome with reciting the speech on mercy that Macready too was affected. His Diary records, "she made a woman of me." The girls were in London with Mrs. Ternan and she brought them, Fanny, Maria and Ellen, to see the tragedian. Another visitor was her old actress mother, Mrs. Jarman, she who, in Bath, had been the Nurse when he had first played Romeo. They were all anxious to thank Macready for what, on his part, he considered to be a little act of duty.

As soon as could be arranged, Frances Eleanor with her daughters were in Dublin at their usual abode in Talbot Arcade. More than ever work was essential; work, too, was a distraction. J. W. Calcraft, manager of the Theatre Royal, welcomed her as a member of his company. Already he had engaged two notable stars, the belauded Helen Faucit and that most promising of all young Shakespearean actors, Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, for the production of *Iphigenia in Aulus*. It was Calcraft's own version, the first in English to be performed, of the Greek tragedy. Given on November 28th, 1846, the cast included Helen Faucit as Iphigenia, G. V. Brooke as Achilles, Calcraft as Agamemnon, and Mrs. Ternan as Clytæmnestra. Ellen Ternan, aged seven, was seen as the child Orestes, a part of greater significance than anything the gentle young girl had yet done. Her sisters were old stagers but she, never mentally an actress, had invaraibly shrunk from appearing before the public. Of the three girls, Ellen was the least suited in temperament to the excitements, to the intenseness of effort, demanded by the theatre. Another rôle was awaiting her when *The Winter's Tale* was revived on December 9th, with Brooke as Leontes, Miss Faucit as Hermione, and Mrs. Ternan as Pauline. Ellen played Mamilius as Fanny had done before her.

Frances Eleanor remained in Dublin until the season ended then, with her daughters, she set off for pastures old and new: Carlisle, followed by Hull and Penrith. Fanny was still the juvenile star, though fast growing up and out of the prodigy class. She now acted Young Norval in *Douglas* and on special occasions, such as Benefits, recited Collins' "Ode to the Passions." A new part played by Ellen was Adelbert in the cloak and dagger drama *The Warlock of the Glen.*

But the itinerant days of the children were ending. The older they became the less they fitted the rôles they were playing. As they increased in height so they decreased in "phenomena" value. No matter where the wanderings of "Mrs. Ternan and Daughters" had taken them, the mother had never neglected the instruction of the girls. They were knowledgeable children, versed in the graces of life and completely at the service of the arts. What Frances Eleanor wanted for them was a more restful period and steady tuition before they reached womanhood. However great the problem of money she must keep the family together. Her own career was held in abeyance while she made a home for

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her children and was able to give them time and attention. Engagements were offered her but refused. Only occasionally did she accept. Back in Dublin, Mrs. Ternan acted again for Calcraft and in the spring of 1849 she went to the Prince's Theatre in Glasgow for a spell. It was not until living in London at a later date that she was to make a more permanent return to the stage.

The girls were busy with their education, music and the globes. A final bow, as it were, to childish talent was the appearance of Maria for one evening at Drury Lane on February 8th, 1850, when she played Little Pickle in the old farce of *The Spoiled Child*. The evening, termed a juvenile night, was one specially arranged for a youthful audience and the farce was given as a prelude to the pantomime of *Good Queen Bess*. When Fanny, Maria and Ellen next appeared on the stage it was to be as adult actresses.

(To be continued)

DICKENS IN THE CINEMA

By Ian F. Finlay

ALTHOUGH the film—as an art form—has its own laws from the dramatic point of view, and although original scripts in many ways form the best basis for a successful film, it is a striking fact that international film producers have again and again drawn on world literature for the subject-matter of their films. It is virtually impossible to survey the literary "classics" which have been interpreted on the screen for each successive generation of film-goers. Such diverse works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris* and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* have provided the subject matter (or in many cases merely the "idea") for films.

Needless to say, Dickens has by no means been exempt from this practice, and it will no doubt surprise many readers to learn that no less than 15 of his works have been filmed, several of them more than once, so that the total is in the region of 60! It is also surprising that the majority of these films was made in the days of the silent cinema (one of the few candidates for a universal method of communication!) and that by no means all of them were made in English-speaking countries.

The following chronological list includes the various works by Dickens which have been filmed. It also indicates (where available) the title, country, company, producer, leading players and any other information of interest.

1902 Nicholas Nickleby. U.S.A. Biograph.

1908 A Christmas Carol. U.S.A. Essanay.

1909 Oliver Twist. U.S.A. Vitograph: J. Stuart Blackton.
The Cricket on the Hearth. U.S.A. Biograph: D. W. Griffith.

1910 Oliver Twist. Denmark: August Blom. Agnes Nörlund as Oliver.
Oliver Twist. France, Pathé. Camille de Morlhon, Renée Pré and Jean Périer.
A Christmas Carol. U.S.A. Edison.

1911 The Old Curiosity Shop. U.S.A. Thanhouser.
David Copperfield. U.S.A. Thanhouser.
Oliver Twist. Italy. Cines film.
A Tale of Two Cities. U.S.A. J. Stuart Blackton. Norma Talmadge. Three short films.

1912 Martin Chuzzlewit. U.S.A. Edison. Mary Fuller and Charles Olga.
David Copperfield. England. Frank Powell.
Oliver Twist. U.S.A. General Publicity and Sales Company. H. A. Spanuth. Nat. C. Goodwin. From the stage version of the novel by J. Comyns Carr.
Oliver Twist. England: Cecil Hepworth and Thomas Bentley.
The Old Curiosity Shop. France. Pathé.
Nicholas Nickleby. U.S.A. Thanhouser.
Pickwick Papers. U.S.A. Edison.

1913 Little Dorrit. U.S.A. Thanhouser. Maude Fealey.
Barnaby Rudge. U.S.A. Edison.
David Copperfield. England: Cecil Hepworth and Thomas Bentley. Master Eric Desmond, Kenneth Ware, Alma Taylor, Tom Butt and Celia Fineberg.
A Christmas Carol. England. Cecil Hepworth.
Pickwick Papers. U.S.A. Vitagraph: Lawrence Trimble, John Bunny. Three short films.

1914 The Cricket on the Hearth. U.S.A. Biograph: Alan Hale.
The Cricket on the Hearth. U.S.A. Lorimer Johnston.
Martin Chuzzlewit. U.S.A. Biograph: Alan Hale.
The Old Curiosity Shop. England. Cecil Hepworth and Thomas Bentley.
A Christmas Carol. England. Harold Shaw, Charles Rock and Edna Flugrath.

1915 Barnaby Rudge. England: Cecil Hepworth.
The Mystery of Edwin Drood. England. Ideal Film: Herbert Blanche, Tom Ferriss and Vinnie Burns. Solution by adapter.

1916 Oliver Twist. U.S.A. Paramount: James Young, Marie, Dora as Oliver.
A Christmas Carol. U.S.A. Rupert Julian. Entitled " The Right to be Happy ".

1917 Dombey and Son. England. Maurice Elvey, Lilian Braithwaite, Douglas Munro and Norman McKinnel.
A Tale of Two Cities. Fox: Frank Lloyd, William Farnum.
Great Expectations. U.S.A. Paul West, Jack Pickford.

1919 Our Mutual Friend. Denmark. Nordisk, A. W. Sandberg, Peter Malvern, Aage Fonss and Alfred Moller.

1920 Oliver Twist. Hungary. Peter Lubinsky.
Little Dorrit. England. Progress. Lady Tree, Langhorne Burton and Joan Morgan.
Bleak House. England. Maurice Elvey and Constance Collier.

1921 Barnaby Rudge. England. Thomas Bentley.
The Old Curiosity Shop. England. Thomas Bentley.
Oliver Twist. U.S.A. Millard Webb.

1922 David Copperfield. Denmark. Nordisk: A. W. Sandberg, Martin Hertzberg.
Great Expectations. Denmark. Nordisk: A. W. Sandberg, Gernard Jessen and Martin Hertzberg.
Oliver Twist. U.S.A. 1st National: Frank Lloyd and Harry Weil. Jackie Coogan and Lon Chaney.
The Cricket on the Hearth. U.S.A. Lorimer Johnston, Marcel Vivart and Sabine Landray.

1924 Little Dorrit. Denmark: A. W. Sandberg, Karina Bell.

1926 A Tale of Two Cities, U.S.A. Herbert Wilcox: Entitled " The Only Way ".

1931 Dombey and Son. U.S.A. John Cromwell. Entitled " Rich Man's Folly."

1933 Oliver Twist. U.S.A. MoNo: William Cowen, Dickie Moore, and Irving Pichel.

1934 Little Dorrit. Germany: Carl Lamac, Anni Ondra.
Great Expectations. U.S.A. Stuart Walker.
The Mystery of Edwin Drood, U.S.A. Universal: Stuart Walker, Claude Rains and Douglas Montgomery.

1935 David Copperfield. U.S.A. M.G.M.: George Cukor, Freddie Bartholomew.
A Tale of Two Cities. U.S.A. M.G.M.: Jack Conway, Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan.
The Old Curiosity Shop. England. Wardour: Charles Bentley, Hay Petrie and Elaine Benson. Adapted by Margaret Kennedy.
A Christmas Carol. England. Twickenham: Henry Edwards, Sir Seymour Hicks and Donald Calthrop. Entitled " Scrooge ".

1938 A Christmas Carol. U.S.A. M.G.M.: Edwin H. Marin, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart and Terry Kilborn.

1946 Great Expectations. England. Cineguild: David Lean. John Mills, Valerie Hobson and Anthony Wager (Pip).

1947 Nicholas Nickleby. England. Cavalcanti: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond and Sally Ann Howes.

1948 Oliver Twist. England, Cineguild: David Lean. John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, Alec Guiness.

1949 The Cricket on the Hearth, U.S.A. Sobey Marin.

1952 A Christmas Carol. England. Brian Desmond Hurst. Entitled " Scrooge ".

1953 Pickwick Papers. England. Noel Langley.

1958 A Tale of Two Cities. England. Rank: Ralph Thomas. Dirk Bogarde, Cecil Parker, Athene Seyler.

Amongst the works which do not so far appear to have been filmed are *Hard Times* and any of the *Stories* or *Reprinted Pieces*; nor does there appear to have been a film devoted to the life of Dickens.

Needless to say, many of the films listed above give only episodes from the complete work (e.g. the earlier versions of *A Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist* were highly successful. The " adapted " to a greater or lesser extent depending on the nature of the new medium. It must be remembered that the film producer must, in general, present his material within the comparatively short space of 90 minutes and that, whereas the novelist has at his disposal the great power of introspection, i.e. he can create his characters from within, the film producer has neither the time nor the facilities to do this. On the other hand, one picture or scene can cover many pages of description in the novel.

Many of the films based on the works of Dickens stand out as " classics " in the history of the cinema. These include those made in Denmark shortly after the First War which were produced by A. W. Sandberg and formed part of the series of lavish productions intended to regain the former place of honour of the Danish cinema abroad. Danish productions had suffered a serious setback when the UFA Company had bought up all their cinemas in Germany in 1918. The two Dickens films did not however prove very successful, even in England. The film version of " Oliver Twist " made in France in 1910 formed part of a series of classics.

In the years following the Second World War David Lean, the British director, devoted his attention to filming certain of Dickens's masterpieces (in much the same way as Carol Reed dealt with Grahame Greene's novels). Lean's productions of *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist* were highly successful. The gradual growth of the " star " system can be traced in the chronological list of films based on Dickens's works and several of the films incorporate outstanding performances.

ST. JAMES'S, THEATRE OF DISTINCTION.*

The St. James's Theatre is no longer with us, the victim of commercial cupidity and official ineptitude, but at least we have W. Macqueen Pope's admirable history of the house, the distinction of which culminated in the management of the Kendals, and later in that of Sir George Alexander. But here we are more concerned with the story of its inception under Braham and those early years which saw Dickens's youthful attempts at becoming a dramatist. This story Mr. Macqueen Pope tells with all his familiar skill and engaging enthusiam. The author had a large theme with which to deal in one book and among the facts for which it was not possible to find room was that of Dickens's sole appearance, for a charity, at this theatre, with his own amateur company in "Every Man and His Humour," on Nov. 15th, 1845, before the Prince Consort. L.C.S.

* W. H. Allen, 25s.

DICKENS AND THE "LIFE-ILLUSION"

By William E. Colburn

ACCORDING to tradition, when the wild duck is wounded while near water, it dives to the bottom and purposely entangles itself in the weeds there, never to come up. Only an extremely clever dog is able to tear this bird from its refuge and return it to the surface. In *The Wild Duck* Ibsen makes this bird a symbol for the Ekdal family, sorely wounded in the world of reality, submerging themselves in fantasy and illusion, and subsequently wounded even more by the efforts of Gregers to pull them free. This Gregers, the symbolic retriever, is a reformer who fails to realise that general moral prescriptions must be modified to fit individual cases, or tragedy may be the result.

Hialmar Ekdal is nominally a photographer, but he directs his whole attention to the development of some revolutionary invention, which never does materialise. Although Ekdal prides himself on being the breadwinner, most of the family's income is an allowance from Gregers' father to Mrs. Ekdal, formerly his mistress. The elder Ekdal also lives in his own world of fantasy and illusion. Dr. Relling describes him as:

> " the old bear-hunter shutting himself up in that dark garret to shoot rabbits ! I tell you there is not a happier sportsman in the world than that old man pottering about in there among all that rubbish. The four or five withered Christmas-trees he has saved up are the same to him as the whole great fresh Höidal forest; the cock and the hens are big game-birds in the fir-tops; and the rabbits that flop about the garret floor are the bears he has to battle with—the mighty hunter of the mountains !"[1]

Both Hialmar and his father rely upon what Dr. Relling calls the " life-illusion." In order to escape from the harsh realities of the world and his own failures, each creates in his own mind another world, one in which he is capable and happy. Without this life-illusion both would succumb to self-contempt and despair. According to Ibsen, all men rely upon such delusions. " Rob the average man of his life-illusion, and you rob him of his happiness at the same stroke."[2]

Dickens, of course, was not familiar with the term " life-illusion "; however, Ibsen's use and explanation of the device make it particularly useful in an examination of Dickens's creation of characters. Ibsen contended that the life-illusion is built up by the average man, and he saw it as a part of every individual's make-up. However, when Dickens created a character living in what we may now call the life-illusion, he magnified or dwelt upon it until it became the dominant element of that personality.

It has been pointed out that Dickens was " fond of characters hovering between eccentricity and madness . . ."[3] However, it is necessary to distinguish between those characters who adopt the life-illusion merely as a temporary escape from reality or perhaps

[1] *The Wild Duck*, Act V.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] George Gissing, *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* (1898), p. 108.

as a means to make it more palatable, yet still maintain contact with reality, and those characters in whom the illusion has completely and permanently overcome reality, which state would be madness. Zweig writes of Dickens:

> " Whenever he wanted his characters to make a special appeal to our hearts, he fashioned them simple as children. For the children's sakes he even loved those who were not childlike but childish, the feeble-minded and the mentally deranged. In many of his novels he introduces one of these pure fools, whose poor wits soar far above the heads of ordinary cares and woes, to whom life offers no problems, or tasks, or troubles, to whom life seems nothing but a happy, wholly incomprehensible yet beautiful game. It is touching to follow the delicacy of his portrayal of such daft souls.[1]

Zweig had in mind such simple people as Mr. Dick of *David Copperfield* and Miss Flite of *Bleak House.* It is true that they hover rather closer to madness than to mere eccentricity. Certainly the world, always eager to condemn the unusual, considers them mad.

The life-illusion for Mr. Dick is the Memorial, and it has so taken dominance over all his affairs that for him actual life holds few problems. His main problem is one which concerns the Memorial—how to keep out the head of Charles I. Actually, this is his former trouble, memories of which return to him in this strange form. Although it would seem that Mr. Dick is completely preoccupied by the Memorial, he can be counted upon when he is needed. His advice, while not profound, is extremely practical and to the point. When Betsy Trotwood is in financial difficulty, he is eager to help. And it is Mr. Dick who is able to bring Dr. Strong and his wife together when all others have failed. Although " nobody knows what that man's mind is except himself," he proves to be a kind, generous, and useful person whenever he can set aside the life-illusion.

Miss Flite is also one of those creatures " hovering between eccentricity and madness." Her life-illusion has so taken hold of her and she is at times so far removed from the world of realities, that she too is considered mad. She is the embodiment of the terrible results of the inefficiency, delay, and injustice of the Court of Chancery. She is " always in court, from its sitting to its rising, and always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favour. Some say she really is, or was, a party to a suit; but no one knows for certain, because no one cares. She carries some small litter in a reticule which she calls her documents; principally consisting of paper matches and dry lavender."[2] She spends her life awaiting a judgment in her favour, and her poverty-stricken condition is made bearable only by the thought that the long-awaited judgment will change it.

However, it is Miss Flite, more than anyone else, who realises the evil and fatal attraction which the Court of Chancery can have. There are times when she shows that she is all too aware that her own hopes for a judgment will never be realised. She tries to warn

[1] Stefan Zweig, *Three Masters* (1930), pp. 87-88.
[2] *Bleak House*, ch. 1.

those who would follow her own hopeless course. It is at these times that Miss Flite reveals herself, not as a mad-woman, but as a person whose only comfort and consolation, in an otherwise pointless existence, is in the pursuit of a life-illusion, the judgment.

Miss Flite and Mr. Dick are considered by the world to be feeble-minded. Actually they are people whose life-illusion has become too powerful. It is more than a mere escape from reality. Occasionally, they are able to escape *from* their illusion *to* reality.

The true life-illusion may be described as one of the " devices of fancy by which underdog people manage to live."[1] Dickens was greatly interested in developing the tragi-comic aspect of this delusion. Probably the tenderness he showed for such people—in his earlier novels at least—arose from the experiences of his childhood. He had been an underdog and very much conscious of it, perhaps more than the facts would warrant. But, he too had his life-illusion, and it played a part in his development as a writer. He found escape from his misery in walking about London, and as he wandered through the streets, " he did not go in for ' observation,' a priggish habit . . . but unconsciously he made all these places the scenes of the monstrous drama in his miserable little soul . . . For him ever afterwards these streets were mortally romantic."[2] So, Dickens in his formative years sought escape and refuge in his own fertile imagination.

Two of Dickens's greatest comic creations are life-illusion characters—Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Gamp—and it is apparent that it is their life-illusion that makes them comic. After all, there is little to laugh at in a nurse who probably has killed more patients than she has helped, or in a man whose family suffers because of his irresponsibility.

J. B. Priestley has analysed Mr. Micawber, in terms of the life-illusion, in these words:

> " The secret of Mr. Micawber is that he does not really live in this world at all: he lives in a world of his own. It is a world in which he himself is clearly a man of talent, for whom great prizes are waiting round the next corner, where an IOU clearly set out and given to the proper person or an entry in a little notebook is as good as cash down, where everything is larger and simpler and richer and more romantic than the things of this world. In short—to echo him once more—he lives entirely in his imagination: he has the real artistic temperament . . . But the real world, observing that Wilkins Micawber will not consent to live in it, plans a hearty revenge. It contrives that the said Micawber shall be for ever in difficulties; that his talent shall pass unrecognised . . . he shall be for ever head over ears in debt, existing in a wilderness of notes of hand, discounted bills, and IOU's . . . in and out of the debtors' prison . . . driven from pillar to post . . . Short of actual crime—and borrowing on such a scale appears to be dangerously near a criminal proceeding—it is hardly possible to imagine an existence more squalid, uncomfortable, and hopeless. The world, it would seem, has revenged itself very thoroughly.

[1] Elizabeth Bowen, *Impressions of English Literature* (1944), p. 252.
[2] G. K. Chesterton, *Charles Dickens: A Critical Study* (1906), pp. 46-47.

But actually it has done nothing of the kind, for Mr. Micawber remains unscathed, living as he does in some other world of his own . . . Mr. Micawber himself does not really see it like this . . . He is beyond the corroding touch of bitter circumstance; the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune whistle by, leaving him unhurt.

Living in the world as he does, not as some poor devil trying to patch together a bare existence and evade his creditors, but as the central and heroic figure in that amazing chronicle, The Life and Times of Wilkins Micawber, Lover, Husband, Father, Financier, and Philosopher, Mr. Micawber instinctively seizes hold of every situation, good or evil, that presents itself and makes the most of it."[1]

In short, Micawber rises above reality by means of his life-illusion.

In essence, Mrs. Gamp, Dickens's second remarkable comic character, is crude, repugnant, and incompetent. A less exceptional person would remain so, and a less imaginative author would allow her to. But Dickens has endowed Mrs. Gamp with the life-illusion, and with it she rises far above her fellows. " . . . She has been led to invent an imaginary friend, a supposed constant interlocutrix, whose remarks, faithfully reported, lend graceful variety to her self-praise and her compliments."[2] It is by means of Mrs. Harris that Mrs. Gamp sets herself apart from the common herd. No one is so sweet and kind and genteel as Mrs. Gamp; Mrs. Harris will vouch for that, but, of course, Mrs. Harris exists only in the mind of Mrs. Gamp.

This is the most subtle use of the life-illusion by Dickens. Mrs. Gamp's efforts to appear to the world as more refined than outward appearances would indicate approach most closely Ibsen's idea of the life-illusion as a component of everyone's make-up and are more easily recognisable and credible as universal foibles than is the grand other-worldliness of Micawber.

However, Micawber is more important in a study of the life-illusion, for, as we shall see, a comparison of Dickens's handling of this device in him and in William Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, and in Harold Skimpole, reveals a fundamental change in the author himself.

Dickens's work may be approached from many different angles, but from all, a decided change from the early to the later novels is evident—and this change is quite obvious even in Dickens's treatment of the life-illusion. Micawber, Mr. Dick, and Mrs. Gamp appear in early novels. They are treated good-naturedly, if not sympathetically. In them the life-illusion is harmless. It is a device whereby life is made easier for the downtrodden. All this is in keeping with Dickens's early hope, humour, and humanitarianism.

However, by the time of *Bleak House*, started late in 1851, Dickens's optimism has given way to a growing pessimism, dissatisfaction, and seriousness. It was not, of course, any one event, at any one time, that was responsible. Rather it was a series of personal tragedies and disappointments over a period of

[1] J. B. Priestley, *The English Comic Characters* (1925), pp. 253-5, 259.
[2] George Gissing, *Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens* (1924), p. 82.

years.[1] Among other things, during the *Bleak House* period the strain of Dickens's domestic difficulties increased, and "the allusions in this tale to marriage and trouble bring to the reader's recollection continually the unhappiness of Dickens's own married life."[2]

With the exception of two, Miss Flite of *Bleak House* and Mr. Wemmick of *Great Expectations*, the life-illusion characters created by Dickens after this time are treated unsympathetically or cynically, and are clearly revealed as charlatans, pompous fools, or revengeful misfits. This seems to be a reflection of Dickens's own disillusionment.

In a sense, *Bleak House* is a study in the life-illusion, but from Dickens's new and cynical point of view. The Court of Chancery, the all-pervading element of the novel, is a kind of terrible illusion —seemingly an instrument of right and justice, but actually a menace to all whom it involves in its workings. Everyone in the novel is concerned with it, and four characters, Mrs. Jellyby, Mr. Turveydrop, Mr. Chadband, and Harold Skimpole, "are following in their own little way the example of the High Court of Chancery —victimising all about them on pretence of the most disinterested motives."[3]

Mrs. Jellyby is a humorous character, but the laughter she causes is the result of irony. She is a zealous reformer with her sights set too high, "a lady of very remarkable strength of character, who devotes herself entirely to the public. She has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa."[4] This is her life-illusion. It is her escape from reality—her neglected and miserable children and her husband being driven into bankruptcy. But in the case of Mrs. Jellyby there is an interesting confusion of cause and effect. It might be difficult, with another person, to determine whether the miserable condition of her family causes, or is caused by, her devotion to long distance charity, but Dickens leaves little doubt that the latter reason is the true one. Here the life-illusion is used to point up the great social evil of people who in their pursuit of some wild and visionary scheme overlook reforms which are well within their power to effect.

Harold Skimpole was drawn by Dickens with the most unattractive aspects of Leigh Hunt's character in mind. He possesses many of the same failings as does Micawber, but suffers greatly by comparison. He too has his life-illusion. Although clever and talented, he is not a man of the world. He did not have:

> "the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life, by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences . . . Mr. Skimpole had been educated for the medical profession . . . However . . . as he had always been a mere child in points of weights and measures, and had never known anything about them (except that they disgusted him), he had never been able

[1] Edgar Johnson sets the "turning point both in Dickens's life and in his literary art" several years earlier, during the period of the writing of *Dombey and Son* (1846-48). *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph* (1952), II, 626.
[2] Thomas Wright, *Life of Charles Dickens* (1935), p. 220.
[3] George Gissing, *Critical Studies*, pp. 147-8.
[4] *Bleak House*, ch. 4.

to prescribe with the requisite accuracy of detail. In fact, he said, he had no head for detail . . . He must confess to two of the oldest infirmities in the world: one was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything ! . . . All he asked of society was, to let him live . . . He said to the world, . . . ' Go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live !' "[1]

This is a type of life-illusion. Skimpole has been unsuccessful, has received some minor set-backs, whereupon he begins to build up the impression that he is just not cut out for the mundane activities of the world. In many persons such an attitude might be admirable, if in their withdrawal they contribute to society in creative activity, and Dickens might have portrayed Skimpole as such a person, in an earlier novel. However, in *Bleak House*, Skimpole is a fraud and a parasite. He damns himself in his own words:

" I don't feel any vulgar gratitude to you. I almost feel as if *you* ought to be grateful to *me*, for giving you the opportunity of enjoying the luxury of generosity . . . Why should I regret my incapacity for details and worldly affairs, when it leads to such pleasant consequences ? I don't regret it therefore."[2]

He lives out his fruitless life " accepting with a royal unconsciousness the anomaly and evil " of his position.[3]

Now, fundamentally, there is little difference between Micawber and Skimpole. They are both irresponsible, and their friends pay the cost. However, the early Dickens had shown how lovable and humorous irresponsibility can be, in the person of Micawber, whose sincerity and basic honesty are clearly implied. But the later Dickens can show only the degrading evil of irresponsibility, in the person of Skimpole, whose sincerity and basic honesty are subject to considerable doubt.

Another character of the same type is Mr. Turveydrop, a model of Deportment. His life is dedicated to the cultivation of his own deportment, and he considers himself one of the last remaining true aristocrats. He laments, " England—alas, my country !—has degenerated very much, and is degenerating every day. She has not many gentlemen left. We are few. I see nothing to succeed us, but a race of weavers." Like Skimpole, he is a parasite, but what is worse, he has victimised his own wife and son. She had worked herself to death " to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position . . . The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Deportment always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle."[4] Thus, a person who once might have been depicted tolerantly as a harmless old fool, emerges as a self-centred humbug.

The Father of the Marshalsea, William Dorrit, also presents a

[1] *Bleak House*, ch. 6.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] G. K. Chesterton, *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* (1911), p. 158.
[4] *Bleak House*, ch. 14.

striking contrast to Wilkins Micawber, in his reaction to much the same sort of difficulties. Always in financial straits, Micawber, the optimist, admits failure and searches for greener pastures. Despite his shortcomings, he remains always a good fellow, sincere and grateful for a kindness received. William Dorrit is far different. Confined to the Marshalsea for debt, a situation in which he was not actually at fault, he had entered the prison an amiable, retiring person. "Crushed at first by his imprisonment, he had soon found a dull relief in it. He was under lock and key; but the lock and key that kept him in, kept numbers of his troubles out. If he had been a man with strength of purpose to face those troubles and fight them, he might have broken the net that held him, or broken his heart; but being what he was, he languidly slipped into this smooth descent, and never more took one step upward."[1] After being imprisoned for some time, he began to be known as the Father of the Marshalsea, a title which he took very seriously. New prisoners were presented to him in a dignified ceremony. Soon it became the custom for departing prisoners to leave him a small tribute in the form of money. He was always very exacting in the collection of this tribute, but affected great surprise when it was offered. His family took great pains to conceal from him the fact that the children worked to help provide for the family, and he pretended not to know. His life-illusion was his growing belief that he was no ordinary imprisoned debtor but was in all ways superior to his fellows, their confidant and protector, in a position which must always be deferred to. Of his character it has been said, "While much of its infirmity is native, much also comes of the punishment of the Marshalsea against which the poor creature's pomposities are at once a narcotic, and a protest, however futile, of the dignity of a human soul, however abject."[2] On the basis of his period of imprisonment, this is perhaps a valid analysis, but if the latter period of Dorrit's life is taken into account, it becomes obvious that the narcotic was habit-forming and degrading, and the protest was the bray of a pompous ass. Any sympathy he may have aroused is soon lost as a result of his later actions. By means of a large inheritance, Dorrit obtains his freedom and an actual position in the world comparable to his self-created position in the prison. If there is any humility or gratitude in his nature to those who have helped him, he does not show it. He is a man of wealth and influence, and no one, not even his family, is allowed to forget it. His constant fear is that somehow his secret, and to him disgraceful, past will be disclosed. This fear finally breaks his mind and, ironically, it is he who reveals the disgrace of his former existence. Again, Dickens has presented the life-illusion in an unfavourable light. For Dorrit it was not harmless delusion, but fatal weakness of character.

At first glance, the most striking example of the life-illusion character in Dickens's novels would seem to be Miss Havisham of *Great Expectations*. Deserted by her fiancé on what was to have been their wedding-day, she has tried to make that day permanent.

[1] *Little Dorrit*, ch. 6.
[2] Arthur Quiller-Couch, *Charles Dickens and Other Victorians* (1925), p. 88.

All the signs of preparation for the celebration have been left undisturbed. She continues to wear her wedding gown. Apparently she has turned away from the cruel outside world and is living in a world of her own, trying to preserve the happiness which was hers on that day. However, when it is remembered that the clocks have been stopped at the time when she received word of her betrayal, it becomes apparent that it is not her previous happiness that she would preserve, but her disappointment. She is escaping from the world only in that all her thoughts and efforts are directed towards revenging herself upon it. Here again, what might have been harmless delusion has been perverted to evil purposes. Pip finally understands " that she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in . . . But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well." Pip asks himself, " Could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed . . .?"[1] The compassion which Pip (and Dickens) feels results only from seeing her, at his feet, a weeping penitent who realises the evil of what she has done, that is, after she has thrown off her life-illusion.

At this period of his life, Dickens could view without compassion those misfits of the world still seeking refuge from reality, for whom he had formerly shown so much sympathy, and in this connection Flora Finching of *Little Dorrit* must be mentioned. Despite the fact that she is foolish, fat, and fortyish, Flora, " who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now," When she meets the lover of her youth, Arthur Clennam, she believes that they can re-assume their former relationship, although Clennam shows no desire to do so. However, she is " wholly destitute of the power of separating herself and him from their bygone characters."[2] Unable to face the fact of her change to an ordinary, middle-aged widow, she tries to escape by a perpetuation of the illusion of her younger self. " She ogles him, she angles for compliments . . . she tosses her head and giggles . . . is ridiculously arch and coy and girlish, dwells romantically upon the vanished past . . ."[3]

Flora Finching is relatively unimportant as a life-illusion character *per se*. However, she is important in a study of Dickens's attitude toward the life-illusion because of what she represents in the whole course of his disillusionment. In his youth he had met and fallen in love with Maria Beadnell. They were separated, went their individual ways, married, and did not meet again for twenty-five years. But Dickens did not forget Maria. Any disappointments he felt with his wife during his long and unhappy married life must have caused speculation in Dickens's mind as to

1 *Great Expectations*, ch. 49.
2 *Little Dorrit*, ch. 13.
3 Edwin Pugh, *The Dickens Orginals* (1913) p. 47.

what life might have been with Maria.[1] He cherished the belief that Maria was one of the few perfect women in this world.[2] Dickens was expressing his own feelings when he wrote of David Copperfield's love for Dora Spenlow. And he was expressing his own feelings in the reaction of Arthur Clennam when he met, after a long separation, the greatly altered Flora Finching. In 1855 Dickens had again seen Maria Beadnell, and she had changed from a Dora Spenlow to a Flora Finching. ". . . He awoke as with a start from his long beautiful dream to find himself, cold and alone and naked, a little ashamed of his former self and laughing fretfully, in the bleak outer darkness of disillusion."[3]

Other than Miss Flite, the only life-illusion character of the later period of Dickens's work treated at all sympathetically is Wemmick in *Great Expectations*. Wemmick lives in two distinct and antithetical worlds. As Mr. Jaggers' clerk, he is all business, efficient, realistic, and serious. At home in his little castle, he is warm and kindly. Pip describes the great change which occurs when he moves from world to another. " By degrees, Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along, and his mouth tightened . . . When we got to his place of business, and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as of the Castle and the drawbridge and the arbour and the lake and the fountain and the Aged, had all been blown into space together by the last discharge " of the cannon.[4] While Wemmick is presented as an essentially kind and good person, the life-illusion aspect of his personality seems to be highly artificial and forced. Dickens has lost his faith and with it the ability to portray such a character convincingly.

The treatment of the life-illusion is seen to reflect rather closely Dickens's own outlook and state of mind. In his early work, when he looked upon life hopefully, the life-illusion is presented as a harmless, often necessary, escape from drab reality. Because of it, such people as Micawber and Mrs. Gamp rise above sordidness to become great comic creations. In his later period, Dickens, himself disillusioned, has not sympathy for such as these. Now the life-illusion is merely a mask for vengeance, incompetence, or weakness. It is to be viewed with suspicion and cynicism, not with tolerance and sympathy.

[1] Edward Wagenknecht, *The Man Charles Dickens* (1929), p. 190.
[2] Pugh, *op. cit.*, p. 24.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 46.
[4] *Great Expectations*, ch. 25.

WILLIAM MILLER'S GRANGERISED FORSTER

The remarkable Extra-Illustrated copy of the first edition of Forster's *Life of Dickens* which has occupied the late Mr. William Miller for many years, is to be disposed of. It may be seen by appointment with Mr. Henry N. Miller of 42 Abbott's Drive, North Wembley, Mddx. Extended to twelve folio volumes, it contains many autograph specimens of Dickens's writing, including four letters, over eight hundred portraits, over seven hundred views, nearly five hundred autograph letters of people mentioned, and one hundred and sixty-six protraits of Dickens.

THE NEW FILM VERSION OF *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

IT is significant that while in some quarters it is still vehemently affirmed that classic novels should not be transferred to the screen, the inevitable efforts to do so reveal ever more respect for the authors concerned. Inevitable in the case of *A Tale of Two Cities*, which is a heaven-sent gift to a romantic actor and to a producer of melodrama. It is not, therefore, surprising that this book, not characteristic of Dickens's work as a whole, has been adapted so frequently, and the latest version, presented by the

Stephen Murray as Dr. Mannette, Dorothy Tutin as Lucie, Dirk Bogarde as Carton, and Athene Seyler as Miss Pross.

Rank Organisation, gives ample evidence of a sincere desire to keep as closely to the famous and favourite novel as the exigencies of film-making permit. But the script occasionally has some inexplicable eccentricities.

The photography, in black and white—Dickens has yet to receive his screen baptism of colour—is impeccable. The exterior revolutionary scenes were taken in mediaeval Bourges, and although they hardly suggest what one would imagine to have been the Paris of the end of the eighteenth century, they are perhaps to be counted satisfactory. The chateau of the Marquis de St. Evremonde, with its strutting symbolic peacocks, is superbly represented by the Chateau de Valençay. By contrast, the pasteboard Bastille is disappointing, as is the scene of its storming by the rabble.

There are many performances that will linger in the memory, some of them not the result of obvious casting. Cecil Parker, as Jarvis Lorry, carries a large share of the narrative, and splendidly he does it. Stephen Murray is an admirable Manette, although the necessary compression of the book makes his transformation from "No. 105 North Tower" to the successful practitioner of Soho more than a little sudden. Christopher Lee makes a deep impression as St. Evremonde, but Alfie Bass is given but little chance to show what he could do with Jerry Cruncher.

Of the ladies, Athene Seyler adds another memorable Miss Pross to film annals and another figure to her remarkable gallery of Dickens film portraits. Rosalie Crutchley is not an obvious choice for Madame Defarge, but she plays her superbly. Dorothy Tutin is an odd selection for Lucie. Her personality was apt to burst the bounds of that simple Dickensian heroine, although she was always in the picture.

But, of course, any version of this book, in any medium, stands or falls by its Carton. This one stands all right—four-square. The part is played with complete sincerity and his final sequence is deeply moving. But in an avoidance of a melodramatic approach, it is a curiously modest and subdued portrait that is drawn, very clear eyed for a drunkard. Dirk Bogarde has preserved his screen personality and his many admirers will have no cause to complain of any deflection from the personality that has been built up for them. Film-goers unfamiliar with the original may possibly be a little puzzled to imagine why Miss Tutin's Lucie had no difficulty in deciding against *this* Sidney Carton in favour of Charles.

This film is a capital one and not to be missed by Dickensians who like to see their favourite books on the screen. But why is it not still better? With so many admirable performances, and so much first-class photography, why is not the production of Ralph Thomas still more striking? Even after twenty years the exaltation of the closing scenes of the Ronald Colman version remain vivid in the memory, and the new film cannot match them. With all the good will and sincerity in the world, the essence of a work of art is still apt to be elusive in the process of translation from its own medium to another and that has, to some extent, happened in this case.

L.C.S.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"When Dickens came to Doncaster." B. S. Breed. *Yorkshire Life Illustrated*, September.

"A Dickensian Footplate Ride of 1857." T. S. Lascelles. *The Railway Magazine*, December.

"Dickens's Tragic Universe, *George Silverman's Explanation*." Harry Stone. *Studies in Philology*, January.

"Satire and Symbolism in *Bleak House*," Louis Crompton. *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, March.

Book for Study, Season 1958-59, *Christmas Books and Christmas Stories*.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DICKENS'S "OLD STAGE-COACHING HOUSE"

SIR,

In spite of Mr. Carlton's persuasive arguments, I should like to advance the following reasons for not identifying the "George and Pelican" at Newbury with Dickens's Old Stage-Coaching House.

(1) Dickens's article appeared in *All the Year Round* on August 1st, 1863, i.e. eighteen years after Mr. Carlton suggests he revisited Newbury. There seems no reason for this inordinate delay in recording his impressions, and his descriptions of the desolate dining-room, the turnpike house overgrown with ivy, the deserted London road, the elderly post-boy and derelict post-chaise are more appropriate to the period when he was writing than to the interval between the opening of the Bristol railway in 1841, and of the Newbury branch in 1847. During those years there must still have been considerable traffic on the London road, as there was no railway between the Great Western line and the South Western to Basingstoke, Winchester and Southampton. There were probably still coaches from Winchester through Newbury to Oxford, and the inhabitants of the district must have driven to Reading to catch their trains to London.

(2) Newbury, apart from Speenhamland, was not simply a coaching centre, but a busy market town with the Kennet-and-Avon canal (not mentioned in Dickens's article) to link it with East and West. It was seventeen miles from Reading and farther from Winchester and Oxford, and thus out of reach of their competition. Dickens's old stage-coaching town was only seven miles from a station (quite far enough to drive in a fly)—about the maximum distance when the railway network was complete. This was far from being the case in 1845, particularly in Southern England.

(3) The strongest argument against the claims of the "George and Pelican" is that nowhere in Dickens's article is there any suggestion that he had stayed in that particular Inn, or even explored that town in former times. Surely he would have brought up some incident of his reporting days if he was revisiting a familiar spot.

Having opposed Mr. Carlton's choice, I felt obliged to produce a candidate of my own, and for this purpose I have studied Hamilton Ellis's *British Railway History*, 1830-1876, also Tristram Outram's *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* (1893), and various country guides written before motor traffic had transformed our old towns and roads.

Of course, it is quite possible that Dickens was amalgamating impressions of several different places, but assuming that he was describing a single experience, I have looked for a small town combining the following features: (a) situation on a main road to London, (b) several large coaching inns, (c) seven miles from a station after 1858, (d) visited by Dickens in summer, (e) not familiar to him previously, (f) nearer to London than to any other large town.

The fact that the visit was in summer is important, as it rules out places Dickens might have visited during his reading tours in the autumns of 1858, 1859 and 1861. Otherwise, Stilton on the Great North Road, seven miles from Peterborough, and once a famous coaching centre, would be a promising candidate. Amesbury, eight miles from Salisbury and on the London-Exeter main road, might be another, but there is no reason to think that Dickens ever went there after his excursion to Salisbury and Stonehenge in 1848. I incline to favour somewhere not far from London, to which he might have made a summer's day excursion in the early 'sixties—Beaconsfield or Aylesbury, for instance. Beaconsfield was on the main Oxford road and till the end of the century, there was no railway station nearer than High Wycombe, six miles away, or Slough, seven miles. Beaconsfield had several famous coaching inns, including the Royal Saracen's Head and the Royal White Hart. Aylesbury was on a less important road, but it also had large coaching inns, including the Bull's Head and the King's Head. It was seven miles from Tring on the North-Western railway, the nearest station till October, 1863, when a branch of the Great Western Railway was extended to it from Princes Risborough. Buckinghamshire remained the most rural of the Home Counties till the present century, when the Great Central and the Metropolitan Railway threw their tentacles across it, and the London suburbs spread over its southern half. In the 1860's, Beaconsfield could well have been a forgotten little country town, with even its local custom drawn off by High Wycombe and Slough. On the whole, I prefer it to Aylesbury as Dickens's stage-coaching town, apart from its position on a great turnpike road. Aylesbury was farther away from any larger centre and must still have had some local life as a market town.

PANSY PAKENHAM.

Mr. W. J. Carlton sends us this comment:

Had Dickens been less skilful in covering his tracks when he wished to do so, it would be easier to adduce positive evidence in support of any attempt to identify his "Old Stage-Coaching House." Much of what he wrote about it would, of course, apply equally well to a dozen or more coaching centres which fell on evil days with the advent of the railway, and it is not surprising that the claims of the George and Pelican at Newbury should be challenged. But while I do not dispute the validity of some of Lady Pansy Pakenham's objections, they seem to me to be outweighed by the combination of circumstances in its favour. It is at least definitely established that Dickens had stayed at the George and Pelican in 1835; I know of no evidence that he was at Aylesbury or Beaconsfield at any time.

Although the Uncommercial Traveller does not tell us that he had stayed previously at the Dolphin's Head or explored its environs, this seems implicit in such passages as "the old room on the ground floor where the passengers of the Highflyer used to dine" or "the once glorious yard where the post-boys . . . used to come running forth to mount and away." Dickens did not usually get his impressions at secondhand, and these have all the air of personal reminiscence.

NOTES ON *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

By T. W. Hill

Continued from page 60.

Chapter XXXIII

1. NOBODY'S ENEMY . . . BUT HIS OWN. Apparently another way of expressing the apophthegm in Cornwallis's *Essayes* (1600): "It smarts not halfe so ill as the phrase Euery bodies friend but his owne." The modern form is used by Fielding in *Tom Jones*: "Tom, though an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, was nobody's enemy but his own." (Book iv, chapter 5.)

2. CONSTANT DROPPING WILL WEAR AWAY A STONE. Another saying with a long history as it occurs in many writers since the time of Ovid, who wrote: "Gutta cavat lapidem." In the Book of Job (Authorised Version) is "All the waters wear the stones" (chapter xiv, v. 19), and Shakespeare uses the phrase in varying forms several times.

3. SUDDEN GLARE OF GAS. This must have been some well-lighted shop-front and window, made the more conspicuous after the dim lighting in Newgate Street and the heavy darkness of the old prison. Pip had reason to recall the glare in chapter xlviii.

4. RICHMOND . . . BY THE GREEN. There is only one row of houses facing Richmond Green that answers to the description given, and that is Maids-of-Honour Row, adjoining the Old Palace. These houses were built by King George II's Queen Caroline for the accommodation of her ladies-in-waiting—hence the name.

5. RELATIVE IN THE FOOT GUARDS. It will be remembered that David Copperfield's servant The Paragon had a cousin in the Life Guards. The "relative" was a euphemism for "caller" or "admirer" and was the butt of the music-hall comedian. Later the Metropolitan Police had to carry the responsibility for the happiness of female servants, and they were supposed to be especially enamoured with cooks.

Chapter XXXIV

1. MAKE LITTLE EASE GREAT EASE. One of many trite sayings that, popular as they are, have not quite the quality that entitles them to rank as genuine proverbs.

2. FINCHES OF THE GROVE. Dickens was an adept at finding names for these little select societies, as in the case of the Glorious Apollers in *The Old Curiosity Shop* and the Prentice Knights in *Barnaby Rudge*.

Chapter XXXV

1. PUT IN A FUNERAL EXECUTION. Trabb and Co. had taken over sole control of the house as if they had been sheriff's officers armed with a distress warrant to execute an order of the Court to seize the goods in satisfaction for a debt.

2. GOT ALL THE LEAVES UP. The table was probably what is

known as a pembroke-table or a gate-leg table with two or four "leaves" hinged and hanging down ready to be raised.

3. PLACE OF MISTRESS. See chapter vii, note 3.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1. I CAME OF AGE. Between this point and chapter xxxix is a period of two years.

2. NAMES OF THE VARIOUS BRIDGES. Here are the dates of those named: Old London bridge (see chapter xlvi) demolished 1831, Southwark, built 1819, Blackfriars 1770, Waterloo 1817, Westminster 1750, Vauxhall 1816. The date of the story is therefore some time between 1817 and 1831 when the present London Bridge was opened. This is confirmed by many remarks scattered through the book and many of these notes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

1. GLOVES AS A SIGN THAT THERE WAS COMPANY. Dickens often jibed at the silly convention that gloves must be worn indoors on occasions of ceremony, and that they were "genteel". It will be sufficient to quote only one example: Mrs. Fielding in *The Cricket on the Hearth* was "a majestic old soul who adorned herself with a cap calculated to impress the thoughtless with awe. She also wore her gloves. Let us be genteel or die!"

2. HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD. The first appearance in literature of this very ancient saying for accuracy appears to be in Stanbridge's *Vulgaria* (1520): "Thou hyttest the nayle on the head."

3. HAYSTACK OF BUTTERED TOAST. Hot buttered toast was a luxury much admired by Dickens and his allusions to it begin with *Pickwick Papers* when Sam Weller visits his stepmother at the Marquis of Granby, Dorking.

4. PORCELAIN TOPPED CORK. Jovial monks were at one time a favourite motif for these ornamental corks.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1. IF I COULD WALK AND SPEAK. Estella was only "two or three" when Miss Havisham adopted her. (See chapters xlviii, note 6, and xlix, note 8.)

2. FRENCH GAMES. These card games would be euchre, ombre, vingt-et-un, écarté, cassino, piquet, all imported.

3. BARBED WITH WIT. Borrowed from Sheridan. See *The School for Scandal*. In the prologue (a portrait) is the line:

"She barbs with wit those darts too keen before."

In Act i, scene 1, is:

"The malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick."

And in act iv, scene 3:

"When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it."

4. ASSEMBLY BALL. The Castle Inn, Hill Street, was a great centre of entertainment in the early nineteenth century, and its breakfasts, dinners, and balls were attended by the nobility and gentry of Richmond and the neighbourhood. In 1830 it was rebuilt on a rather elaborate scale, renamed the Castle Hotel, and

had a great vogue till 1880 when it closed. In 1886 the Town Hall was erected on part of the site, and the remainder is still known as the Castle Hotel and Restaurant; it has a ballroom. It may be worth recording that at the entertainments there appeared at various times Pepper's Ghost, Albert Smith's travel lectures, Henry Russell, composer of "The Ivy Green", as well as the Ethiopian Singers, predecessors of the Nigger Minstrel troupes (their names are worth preserving: Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood and Germon). There was another building near the railway station, erected in 1843 (too late for *Great Expectations*) as a Mechanics' Institute, that became in 1867 the Royal Assembly Rooms and lasted till 1880, when it was closed and converted into business premises, as it is now, although for several years the words "Royal Assembly Rooms" remained on the façade.

5. HEAVY SLAB . . . ON THE BED OF STATE. An allusion to the *Tales of the Genii*, No. 6, "The Enchanter, or the Sultan of Misnar." This book was among the little collection at Chatham, mentioned in the early chapters of Forster's *Life of Dickens*. The little boy must have read them very thoroughly, for the details to remain in his memory so exactly for over forty years. It will be recalled that when he was only ten years old, Dickens composed a play (which is mother wrote out for him) with the title "Misnar, the Sultan of India", doubtless founded upon this very story.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1. I WAS THREE AND TWENTY. In the memoranda in Dickens's hand-writing attached to the original MS. of the novel at Wisbech is a page of "Dates". They are curiously objective in character, almost as if the author were a stranger examining the story. Here is an extract.:

"The ages in the last stages of Pip's expectations stand thus:

Pip about	23	Biddy	24 or 25
Estella	23	Joe	45
Herbert	23	Jaggers	55
Magwitch	60	Wemmick near	50
Compeyson	52 or 53	and so forth."	
Miss Havisham	56		

I judge her to have been the elder in the love time.

2. GARDEN COURT. Is approached from Fountain Court, also dear to Dickens's heart.

3. ALTERATIONS. A reference probably to the fact that Plowden Buildings, that consisted of only three houses at the time of the story were extended when the Thames Embankment was constructed in 1864.

4. LAST HOUSE. Now no. 6 Plowden Buildings at the end nearest to the river and convenient for the Temple Stairs where Pip kept his boat.

5. LAMPS BLOWN OUT. The lights in the Temple precincts were oil lamps for some years after gas became general for street lighting.

(*To be continued*)

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1956.

1955.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	The Dickens Fellowship—		
165	Current Account		324 7 0
65	Sundry Creditors and Accrued Charges		50 8 2
103	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9
10258	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund		10257 10 3
	Library Reserve—		
26	As at 31st December, 1955		26 9 1
	Balance—		
	As at 31st December, 1955	6389 18 3	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year to date	295 8 0	
6390			6685 6 3
£17007			£17447 0 6

1955.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Freehold Property—		
5108	Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		5108 5 2
	Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation at		
	31st December, 1955	224 10 0	
	Less Depreciation for Year	11 5 0	
225			213 5 0
	Library and Museum, at cost—		
	As at 31st December, 1955	308 0 4	
	Additions during year at cost	0 7 6	
308			308 7 10
	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
103	£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost		102 19 9
	(Market Value 31st December, 1956, £96 19*s.* 4*d.*)		
	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investments, at cost—		
	£696 2*s.* 4*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0	
	£1792 14*s.* 3½% Commonwealth of Australia Stock 1965/69	2000 0 0	
	£530 8*s.* 3½% Conversion Stock	500 0 0	
	£1000 2½% Defence Bonds	1000 0 0	
	£1128 15*s.* 5*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock	1000 0 0	
	£486 16*s* 4*d.* British Electricity 3% Guaranteed Stock 1968/73	500 0 0	
	£527 13*s.* 4*d.* 3½% War Stock	500 0 0	
	£600 9*s.* 8*d.* British Gas 3% Guaranteed Stock 1990/95	500 0 0	
	£2363 11*s.* 4*d.* 3% Savings Bonds 1965/75	2000 0 0	
	£820 7*s.* 7*d.* 3½% Treasury Stock 1977/80	757 10 3	
	£1215 11*s.* 9*d.* British Transport 3% Gtd. Stock 1978/88	1000 0 0	
	(Market Value 31st December, 1956, £8291 16*s.* 10*d.*)	10257 10 3	
10258			10257 10 3
—	Income Tax Recoverable		4 9 5
21	Payments in Advance		24 6 10
	Stock of Pictures, Post Cards, etc—		
219	Certified by Hon. Treasurer		209 4 7
44	*The Dickensian*—Current Account		90 10 11
721	Cash at Bank and in hand		1128 0 9
£17007			£17447 0 6

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1956.

1955.	EXPENDITURE	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	To General Expenses—		
28	Stationery and Postages	15 5 9	
69	Petty Cash Sundry Expenses and Cleaning ...	86 0 2	
9	Telephone	11 8 6	
78	Caretaking Expenses	78 0 0	
371	Salaries	377 7 6	
555		568 1 11	
11	,, Water Rates	11 18 4	
37	,, Insurances	48 13 10	
136	,, Lighting and Heating	151 17 10	
739		780 11 11	
15	*Less* Contribution from Dickens Fellowship	15 0 0	
724			765 11 11
389	,, Repairs to Building		78 18 8
5	,, Maintenance of Furniture and Fittings		13 15 1
12	,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		11 5 0
51	,, Contribution to Miss D. L. Minard's Deferred Annuity ...		51 6 0
51	,, Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet...		295 8 0
£1232			£1216 4 8

1955.	INCOME	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	By Annual Subscriptions received during the year—		
51	Friends of Dickens House		29 2 6
252	,, Admission Fees		275 14 6
3	,, Donations		1 12 6
	,, Rents—		
300	No. 49 Doughty Street	300 0 0	
35	*The Dickensian*	35 0 0	
50	The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
			385 0 0
	,, Interest (Gross)—		
5	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment	4 14 0	
339	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investments	332 6 0	
			337 0 0
25	,, Grant from London County Council		25 0 0
172	,, Profit on Sales		158 5 9
–	,, Refund of Income Tax		4 9 5
£1232			£1216 4 8

Branch Secretaries are invited to send copies of their syllabus to aid the Editor in the compilation of this Diary of Events.

Headquarters Meetings on page iii of cover.

Bath	May	5th	Annual Meeting.
Birmingham	June	7th	Excursion to Stoneleigh Abbey and Kenilworth.
Brisbane	May	9th	Film performance.
	June	13th	Speaker: Mr. D. Cook.
	July	11th	Speaker: Dr. Wm. Lovelock.
	Aug.	22nd	"Motherhood in Dickens." Lady Cilento.
Broadstairs	May	5th	"Banking in Dickens's Day." Mr. Young.
	,,	17th	A Dickens Reading. Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh.
	June	2nd	*Sketches by Boz.* Mr. J. B. Reed.
	,,	17th-21st.	Annual Dickens Festival.
Hull	May	2nd	Annual General Meeting.
Madison	,,	28th	Final Readings from *Dombey and Son.*
Nottingham	,,	23rd-27th	DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE.
	June	4th	Annual General Meeting.
Portsmouth	May	13th	Annual General Meeting.
Rochester	,,	1st	Mr. N. C. Peyrouton, Boston, Mass.
	,,	15th	"More Women from Dickens." Mr. H. Garner.
	June	8th	Dickens Commemorative Service. The Cathedral.
Sheffield	May	5th	Annual General Meeting.
Shrewsbury	,,	26th	Annual Excursion to North Wales.
Southend	,,	13th	Annual General Meeting.
Sydney	,,	2nd	"The Early History of Pickwick." Mr. F. Purnell.
	June	6th	Kylie Tennant.
	July	4th	"Copperfield Children's Library." Mrs. M. Matheson.
Wolver-hampton	Aug.	1st	Film Night.
	May	10th	Annual General Meeting.

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Mr. T. S. Lascelles, Mrs. D. Macleod, Mr. Leo Mason, Mr. Noel Robinson, Mrs. K. Tillotson, Mrs. A. G. Wiren.

BRANCH CONTRIBUTIONS

California Pickwick Club, £3 2s. 5d.; Haarlem, £2 0s. 0d.; Redditch, £1 1s. 0d.

Our thanks are extended to the following retiring branch secretaries and our congratulations to their successors, Miss V. G. McLean who is succeeded by Miss May Thomson at Dunedin. Mrs. L. Hopkins who is succeeded by Mrs. G. M. Williams at East Bay, Miss M. Cordock who is succeeded by Mr. Durward Langton at Hull.

OBITUARY

GAVIN BREND

The Executive Committee in London has sustained a heavy loss by the sudden death of Mr. Gavin Brend at the age of only 54. Forty-eight hours previously he was with us in committee in the best of spirits. A keen Dickensian, an ardent Droodist, as became so enthusiastic a student of Sherlock Holmes, his wisdom, good counsel and good humour will be sadly missed.

We also regret to record the death of Mrs. E. I. Wisdom of Headquarters; Mrs. M. Shea-Lawlor of Wellington; Mrs. Hattie Cuza, Mrs. John S. V. Hunter, Miss Helen Ramsay and Miss Maria Halsey Stryker of Philadelphia; and Mr. Robert Hillery and Mrs. Charles Guest.

Miss Minards would be grateful to receive discarded evening dresses, curtains, trimmings, ribbons, dress boxes, reels of silk and cotton, at the Dickens House on behalf of the Costume Department.

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LONDON MEETINGS

Sun. May 4th. Dickens Commemorative Service, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOROUGH, 6-30 p.m., Borough Underground Station. **Note change of church.** The service will not be held in the Cathedral as previously announced.

Sat. May 10th. Ramble: "Something in the City." Conducted by Mrs. Gwen Major. Meet: All Hallows Church, opposite Tower Hill Station, 2-30 p.m.

WHITSUN. ANNUAL CONFERENCE, Nottingham.

Mon. June 9th. Anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. A wreath will be laid on the grave. Meet: Westminster Abbey, West Door, 6-15 p.m.

Sat. June 14th. Annual Pilgrimage: "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Tickets, including lunch and tea, etc., 32s. 6d.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Founded 6th October, 1902.

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The dates following the Number of each Branch indicates the date on which it was founded.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and Forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.